Saturday Review of Literature

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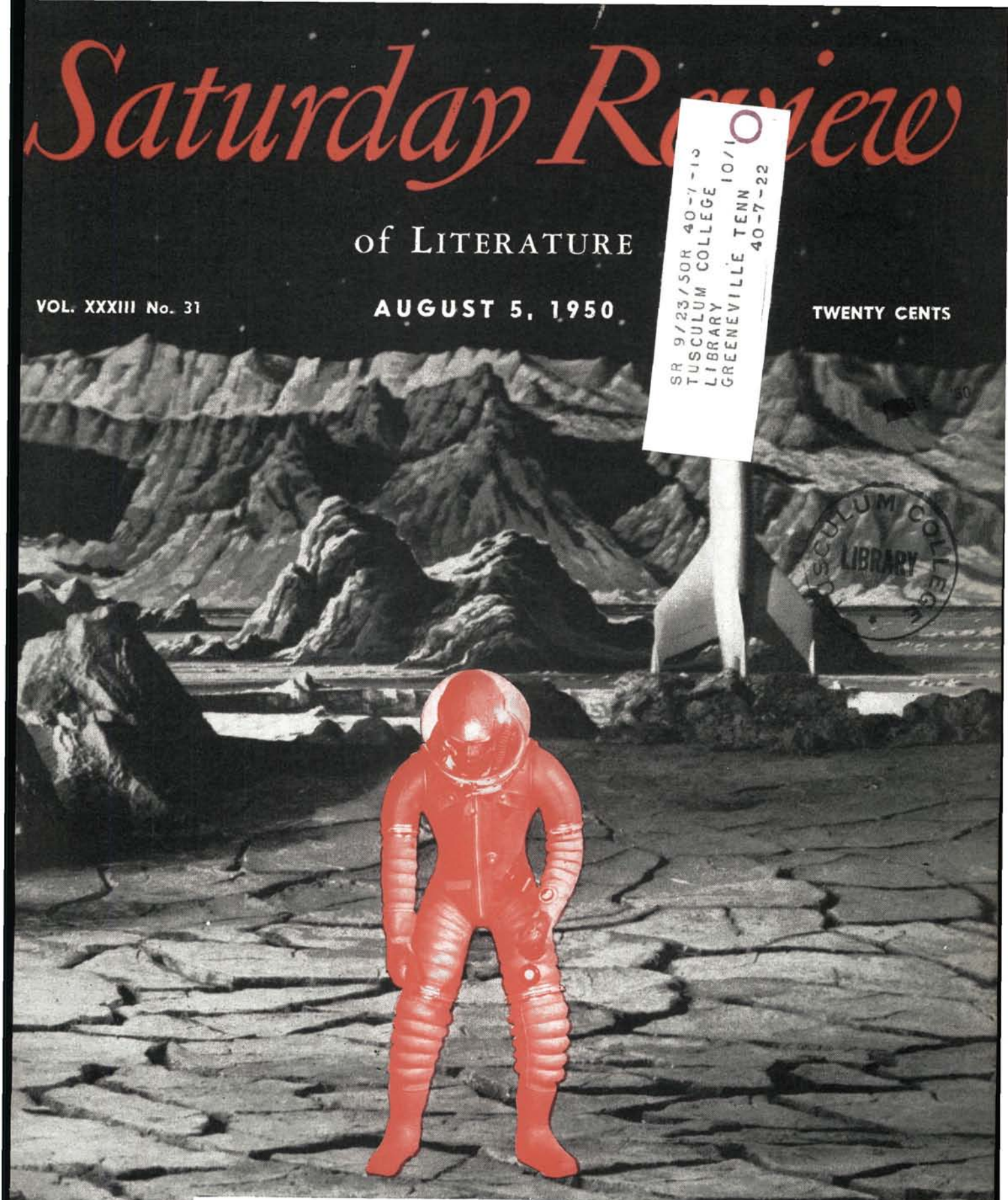

Man has devised rockets and space ships to take him to the moon—to launch atomic rockets against himself. But is it progress? *(See page 7)*

As 1960 Sees Us

AN EDITORIAL

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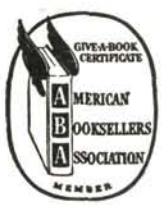

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August 5, 1950

Cover montage from Department of Defense and the motion-picture "Destination Moon."

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TRADE Winds

TEXAS'S LITTLE DARLIN'S

MOST OF THOSE tall tales you hear about Texas are circulated by Texans themselves. These lusty, slam-banging, generous, and generally irresistible people are proud as all getout of their native state, but they're able to laugh at themselves, too. It was Fort Worth's Boyce House who first told the story of the Texas Governor who asserted, "I've decided to collect miniatures, and I'm a-goin' to start with Rhode Island." And it was Lampasas's Stanley Walker who quoted the booster from San Antone to the effect that all Texas needed was more water and a little better class of people. His Eastern friend pointed out, "Why man, that's all hell needs, too." . . .

LIZ McMURRAY, as good a bookseller as they make in these here United States, drove me from Dallas to Fort Worth, for a lecture at TCU, in a wind flurry that all but blew us off the highway. All it did was remind her of a duststorm so thick that a prairie dog was observed digging a hole fifty feet in the air. . . . The wind didn't bother me too much, either. After all, I had just been listening to a lot of big shots in Hollywood. . . . TCU's Ed Landreth Auditorium is a magnificent job, not unlike Radio City Music Hall in appearance, and wisely utilized to provide students with every possible kind of entertainment. For instance, the night after I appeared there Woody Herman and his band rendered a concert, and the hepcats almost tore down the walls. . . . At Fort Worth's Hillcrest Club I met Benton Ferguson, who suddenly has become interested in the book business, and watched him sell a dazzled client what amounted to a full-page ad in the *Star-Telegram* in the shake of one bourbon and soda. . . .

IN DALLAS I outraged the Missus by purchasing two suits at Neiman-Marcus's for myself instead of for her, renewed acquaintance with John Rosenfield, E. DeGolyer, and Bill Johnson, and spoke first at SMU and later to an assemblage of 2,000 Texas teachers at the Baker Hotel. . . . SMU is probably best known in New York for a dead-game football team that almost beat Notre Dame last November and for the presence on its faculty of Lon Tinkle, litterateur and bon vivant extraordinary. An eight-million-dollar building program is making its campus one of the nation's most imposing. . . . Ted Dealey, of the *Dallas News*, had saved for me the story of the farmer whose plan to mate his mare and the prize stallion of the county was frustrated by the stallion's untimely demise. The farmer led up a zebra from the zoo as the likeliest substitute he could find but the mare indicated plainly "No soap." "I went to a lot of trouble to get this zebra," the farmer complained to the mare, "and, besides, he has an exceptional pedigree, so what are you getting so hoity-toity about?" The mare lowered her eyes bashfully and replied, "Who's getting hoity-toity? I'm just waiting for him to take off his pajamas." . . .

TYLER IS LOCATED in the heart of the East Texas oil field and every third citizen you see lounging in the hotel lobby is like as not to be making a couple of million dollars a week. It calls itself "the rose capital of Texas," and when the flowers are in bloom a pretty girl climbs into every plane that lands at the municipal airport and presents the passengers with bouquets. . . . Mr. Henry Bell, the bank president who escorted me to the lecture hall, bears an uncanny resemblance to a gentleman who occupies a very, very high position in Washington. Noting the look of amazement on my face as he greeted me, he recoiled and begged, "Don't say it! I know! In fact, I look so much like the blank-blank-blank my brother won't even talk to me." Mr. Bell, a great power in Tyler, was once almost run over by an impetuous motorist when he sliced a drive onto the roadway which parallels one of the fairways of the Willowbrook Country Club. He promptly ordered the installation of a series of iron bars imbedded in the asphalt at twenty-yard intervals. Today anybody driving up to the portico of the clubhouse at a speed exceeding ten miles an hour is liable to arrive with his head jammed through the roof of the car. "The rights of pedestrians come first," insists Mr. Bell, "especially when they're members of my golf foursome." . . . An interesting town to fly over is Palestine, Texas, whose citizens do not encourage witticisms about its name. "Get a load of this," said the pilot as he picked up his earphone. "Ahoy, Palestine," he bellowed cheerfully. "How's the Ay-rab situation down there?" The reply wafted aloft from the gent in the Palestine control tower was a unique and explicit bit of Texan eloquence

"So I said to myself, 'Annie Mabley, you could write a book as good as most of this drivel,' and I sat down and . . ."

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which I will not attempt to quote here. . . .

I WAS ANXIOUS to get home to New York to help launch Robert Penn Warren's "World Enough and Time," so I had only a single day to spend in Houston. "You need a week to see this city properly," said George Fuermann, columnist of the *Post*, reproachfully—and he was right. Next time out I'll stay longer! Fuermann (who combines the best features of Earl Wilson, Sterling North, and Tex McCrary) and Carl Victor Little, radio commentator and feature writer of the *Press*, were my guides and jolly companions in Houston. Each of them is more widely read and quoted in Texas than all the nationally syndicated columnists combined. . . .

The publication of "Black Gold," by Jewel Gibson, well loved in Houston, was the occasion for a round of celebrations in local bookstores, and with Fuermann and Little I tagged along to Pillot's, Foley's, Brown's, Cobler's, and Joe Petty's. The last does a whopping business in reprints, and, with Minnie Stromberg at Pillot's, the Bob Romans at Foley's, Ted and Sylvia Brown, and Charles and Rita Cobler, is multiplying book sales in Houston at a remarkable clip. . . . This growth is in keeping, of course, with the mushrooming of the city itself. Past 400,000 today, Houstonites proudly boast they'll shoot over the million mark before the end of the century. The opening of the ship canal (making Houston the fourth busiest ocean port in the country) and the oil refineries and chemical plants on all sides are responsible for most of this prodigious growth. . . .

Houston, further, is the home of such sturdy entrepreneurs as Jesse Jones, Oveta Culp Hobby, and Glenn McCarthy, who owns about seventy million dollars (not always in cash), countless oil wells, a 15,000-acre ranch—and the new Shamrock Hotel out past Rice Institute. Later he plans to give Houston a 110,000-seat stadium with a sliding roof to protect the customers from rain, but for the time being, the Shamrock will do. It cost twenty-one million dollars and the color scheme involves sixty-three different shades of green. Houston is so proud of it that even the announcer at the airport cries, "Transportation this way for Houston and the Shamrock Hotel." Shopgirls and stenographers scrimp for months in order to afford a week end in luxury in one of its lavish suites. Liquor can only be obtained in the exclusive Cork Club, which has an initiation fee of $500, but the Emerald Room always boasts a top-flight entertainer, and Glenn McCarthy's right-hand man, Jim Clark, is on hand to give VIP's the attention to which they feel they're entitled. Tony Martin was singing the night I was there, also telling about his stop at Wichita Falls—the only place, he claims, where you can stand ankle-deep in mud and spit sand out of your mouth at the same time. . . .

I had lunch with Dillon Anderson at the Houston Country Club; met author David Westheimer and the *Chronicle*'s beautiful new book editor, Margaret Young; talked about Foley's with its youthful director, Mogie Lazarus (those Lazarus boys collect department stores just as other people acquire picture postals), and was driven to the airport by Carl Little and his wife, whom he affectionately calls his "Begum." . . . I'm going back to Houston one of these days. . . .

I MISSED EL PASO entirely on this trip, but I have Gene Fowler's stern admonition "to be sure and mention a great guy named Pierce Atwater, who is part owner and manager of Betty's Bookshop, also a close friend of Tom Lea, author of 'The Brave Bulls.'" Continues Gene, "Atwater and his charming partner, Betty, whose personality so overwhelmed me that I forgot her last name, have created for their El Paso shop the kind of irresistible atmosphere that distinguished Stanley Rose's old hangout on Vine Street when he provided sanctuary for authors and other bums. Betty's Bookshop rates a real plug." . . . Consider it delivered, Gene, but I understand that illness has curtailed Atwater's activities for the nonce. . . . I also promised Kenneth Rockwell, the discerning critic of the *Dallas Times-Herald*, that I'd relay the story of the man who swallowed his glass eye and rushed to a stomach specialist. The latter peered down the unfortunate fellow's throat and exclaimed, "I've looked into a lot of stomachs in my day, but I must say this is the first one that ever looked back at me."

—BENNETT CERF.

HJB

ORVILLE PRESCOTT
in the July 7th N. Y. Times, said:

"Eight novels in the first half of 1950 impressed me enough so that my memory of them is still fresh and pleasurable"

THE WALL
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TOO LITTLE LOVE
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(Viking)

THE TOWN
by Conrad Richter
(Knopf)

THE BOYS FROM SHARON
by Louise Field Cooper
(Harper)

THE WINE OF ETNA
by Alexander Baron
(Ives Washburn)

TOP OF THE WORLD
by Hans Ruesch
(Harper)

ORLEY FARM
by Anthony Trollope
(Knopf)

Three of the seven *new* novels were published by

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THE HORSE'S MOUTH . . . "an extraordinary revelation of the mind of an eccentric artist who happened to be a genius as well as a rascal"

THE BOYS FROM SHARON . . . "utterly charming, beautifully written"

TOP OF THE WORLD . . . "an exciting and engrossing story about Eskimos"

and the eighth, ORLEY FARM, was published—in its first American edition — eighty-eight years ago by

HARPER & BROTHERS

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Published August 7th

The atom bomb had long been the denouement of all good science-fiction, it had been the nightmare hope of a dissolving Reich but until the day when the best kept secret of the war exploded over Hiroshima, America had no inkling of the profound responsibility being thrust upon it.

This is a novel of a physicist who worked on the bomb, knowing what he was building, maturing as he worked into the realization that for him this was the point of no return, that one bomb must beget another, that the fraternity of scientists would be split into national fragments, that loyalty must henceforth have a hundred facets.

B. F. Halverson was a quiet and a kind man who through native brilliance and a sense of dedication became a top-level physicist. His teaching, his work on cancer research, his family and home were all his world. With the war came for him a summons to a Manhattan project, to the testing ground and to the remnant of Hiroshima. The old securities were gone, the path back to his laboratory must lead through Senate investigation, newspaper interviews and the toils of the F.B.I., with always in the background the pressure of military secrecy.

This is a very human story of a man in a world he unwillingly made; in an age when conscience is put to public trial.

SECRET

by Michael Amrine

At all bookstores $3.00 Houghton Mifflin Co.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

As 1960 Sees Us

Two Stories, Two Endings

AN EDITORIAL

WHAT follows is pure guesswork. It is an attempt on the fifth anniversary of Hiroshima to guess about the next few years of human history.

Two sets of guesses are presented. The first is painfully pessimistic; the second is reasonably hopeful, even heartening.

The reason for two separate and conflicting sets of guesses is that the human community today is at one of those rare pivotal points in history. A wrong turning now could mean that nothing on the earth will become cheaper than human life, for nothing will be more easily expended or dispensed with. But a proper turning now could mark the beginning of a vast upward surge in human history, infusing life with enriched purpose and meaning. There is a precarious balance between terror and hope, both of which have their legions and their momentum.

The historian, then, of perhaps ten years from now might be writing from one of two vantage points. He could be looking out at the scattered radioactive remnants of twentieth-century civilization as he contemplates his notes for a book that might be called "The Repudiation of Man." Or he could be surveying an age of surmounted crisis, as he gathers together his notes for a book on "The Age of Valor."

Hence the following guesswork—in the form of two separate accounts that the historian of 1960 might write about our time. We begin with excerpts from the volume titled:

1. The Repudiation of Man

AUGUST 6, 1960.

OVER everyone and everything today there is the giant shadow of a single word: "Why?" You see it in the taut and anxious faces of people, young and old; it jumps out at you from the spilled stones of tumbled towers and from the dismembered parts of once-great bridges. Why did it happen? Why is it that suddenly there should be so little where there was once so much? Why did man sanction these massive hammer blows against his own society and indeed against the conditions of his own existence?

People ask "why" but no one seriously expects an answer. And even if a full answer were found, it is doubtful that it could be put to any useful purpose. In this case, knowledge of error will not necessarily make for progress.

Here we come to what is perhaps the most significant fact about the effect of the war on man in the post-atomic age. That fact is that the will in man to rebuild has been largely destroyed. No other damage he has suffered can compare with this. The decimation of life itself, the empty shells of the cities, the parching and the clotting of the land—all these are virtually unimportant alongside the crumbling of the will to create and restore. After endless years saturated with mass violence and the recurring assaults on his communities, man has lost the instinct or the desire to clear away the wreckage on which to reconstruct the city as the traditional unit for group living.

In this vital sense has man changed. Much had been written in the past about the inviolability of human nature. It was said and widely believed that the basic drives and instincts of man were beyond recasting. Not enough, however, was said about the conditions or circumstances which could affect and even alter man. It is strange that with all man's knowledge about other species and about nature in general he should have been so unperceptive about change in himself. He compiled bulky volumes about the mutability of life in other species. Then he reinforced these observations by producing new strains, thus becoming a biological interventionist. He was able, in short, to push back the frontiers of information and theory about changeability in life in all fields except one: man himself. For he regarded himself as a constant in the universal equation—nature's favorite son.

The years since 1950, however, have provided a grim corrective to some of the old theories. The nature of man can change. The conditions surrounding human life determine such change. The present conditions not only have robbed man of the urge to rebuild, but, indeed, have separated him from any desire for progress. What for many centuries was a forward momentum in human development has now run down, like the spring of a giant clock.

Man today knows that progress is not the law of life. The general feeling is comparable perhaps with that known in the eighth century before Christ, so clearly described by Hesiod in the "Works and Days." "Would that I did not live in this time; would that I had died before, or were born much later." The passing of time, as Hesiod observed it, had brought not growth but decay. His was an aged

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"... . since the folly and wickedness of men are incurable, there remains but one good action to be done. The wise man will collect enough dynamite to blow up this planet. When its fragments fly through space, an imperceptible amelioration will be accomplished in the universe, and a satisfaction will be given to the universal conscience."

—ANATOLE FRANCE.

---

and tired world, as is our own today.

The reason that man in 1960 has separated himself from the idea of progress is easily comprehended. Progress—which is to say the advancing development of humanity—became too complicated and difficult for mere human beings to administer. Through progress man not only conquered the threats of a hostile natural environment but went beyond that to the virtual conquest of self. The means to create a more abundant life were perverted and directed against the human species. When progress is measured by the construction of rockets and space suits that would enable man to project himself like a cannon shot off the earth for the conquest of the moon—in order to use the moon as a launching platform for rocket attacks on himself — then progress becomes a monstrous liability.

Progress, however, is only another word for civilization. Can man live without civilization? The answer, of course, is yes. Man preceded civilization and is now surviving it. Indeed, such survival is possible precisely because he has detached himself physically and intellectually from the complex of civilization.

LIFE in 1960 is primitive, but it is less precarious than it was under a nominally civilized society. True, the family groups that constitute the basic units frequently have to struggle against each other to sustain themselves. The safety factor for each individual, however, is much greater than it was only a decade ago, when every person enjoyed a reasonable amount of protection against attack from a predatory individual neighbor but had no protection at all against annihilating attack from an all-powerful nation.

The death toll, direct and indirect, of three world wars within forty years, amounted to 1,500,000,000 people, or almost three-fifths of the human community. This meant that the average person in the decade from 1940 to 1950 had only a 40-per-cent chance of reaping the benefits of the phenomenal medical advances which, barring war, might have given him a life expectancy of seventy years or more. Today life expectancy is a lot lower than seventy, because of poor food, inadequate sanitation, and limited medical facilities. But at least an individual may reasonably anticipate an unabbreviated existence. At least the family is fairly well preserved as a unit. There is constant fighting today over land, for much of the arable acreage has been baked hard and contaminated by the explosions of the last war. A compensating factor, however, is that there are few people. Not for many centuries will there be a population-pressure problem.

Many people had assumed, prior to the outbreak of atomic war, that the human race would destroy itself. Distinguished scientists presented the results of their calculations, which showed that the amount of radioactive materials released during even a short atomic war would poison the upper atmosphere and make human existence impossible. They were joined by speculative philosophers who believed that an atomic war, if it came, would represent the collective death wish in man.

What we have witnessed, however, is not the extermination but the repudiation of man by himself. The atomic war, in a strange Darwinian sense, made the survival of man possible. For science and the products of science were on the way to becoming a fatal affliction. To be sure, if the rational process rather than the nation had been sovereign in the world of man, science might have been able to create a truly abundant life for the human community. Advancing science, by its very nature, required an ordered world. Out of the same cyclotron that produced isotopes for the war against cancer came the fissionable materials for the war against life. The test tube that produced the antibodies for building up immunity against disease for thousands of people became the spawning ground for germs that were invincible in taking the lives of millions. The long-range plane that could speed the delivery of a miraculous new drug across continents could also speed the delivery of explosives for mass extermination.

What made the civilization especially precarious, however, was that the people were grouped together under different and conflicting systems—political, religious, economic. These differences by themselves were not unhealthy. Under certain conditions they might have promoted self-appraisal and fertilized thought. Diversity within unity could have given vitality to the human family so long as fixed limits could be set to the competitive and explosive aspects of the differences. But here again it required wisdom of a very high order to create and maintain a higher unity. It required application of the scientific method. But the scientific method went into technology—not into politics, human relations, and the operational arts of a complex civilization.

THUS it was that civilization became inimical to man. It became contrary to his nature, or at least to that aspect of his nature which required some margin for error. When the war came, it furnished proof that man could survive only by purging himself of his civilization. All the attributes of that civilization—the advanced mechanization and industrialization, the turbines and the dynamos, the high-speed methods of mass communication and transportation, the cyclotrons and the synchrotrons and the nuclear reactors, the laboratories and the research centers—all these were lifted from the human burden. For these were part of the man-made environment that turned out to be far more of a threat to man than anything nature could throw his way. And in the end man destroyed the challenge before the challenge destroyed him.

It may be thought that the abandonment of civilization is a small price to pay for human survival. If the supreme purpose of human existence is sheer survival, then that is true, and there need be no concern that man will vanish. However far the species may retreat or retrogress, it is likely that human life will be mustered in some form or other—even if only as Neanderthal Man — lest there be some shrinkage in nature's inventory.

But if the end of human existence is

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a purposeful life, creating ever higher levels of awareness and a fulfillment of the human potential, then survival by itself is little more than conscious vegetation. Those taut and anxious faces of 1960 I mentioned earlier—faces asking questions to which there can be no useful answer—belong to minds and bodies which were deprived of a vital inner spark. The luminous sense of human dignity and purpose that inspired the poets; the nobility that animated great lives and great ideas; the depth of man's faculties that enabled him to extract secrets from the cosmos and to encompass the mysterious and wonderful experiences of others—all these magic qualities have been dimmed and deeply recessed. Survival on such a lowered threshold offers a sparse and grim consolation for the collective conceit.

IT IS possible, of course, that civilization and all its components could have been made to serve the ends of man. It is possible that wisdom and conscience might have been mobilized on a world scale to free the human community of world anarchy. Indeed, there is evidence that men everywhere hungered for the great ideas and ideals that could have averted the idiocy of continental devastation, while preserving those values without which peace would be attrition and stagnation. But the leadership for such a human crusade was nowhere in evidence. And since peoples were incarcerated in their national entities, it was difficult for leadership to develop around the idea of human destiny. Viewed from the perspective of 1960, it now seems clear that the principal threat was to humanity-at-large and not merely to the individual nations. The central issue was man in his collective being and not the state. But where were the spokesmen for the human community?

It was as though a large ocean liner had struck an iceberg, creating immediate danger for all on board. A large hole had been ripped open in the forward part of the ship. There was a possibility, however, that if all the forward compartments could be sealed off the ship might remain afloat. When this fact was made known to the passengers, general relief was felt. It soon became apparent, however, that the crew was seriously undermanned. It became apparent, too, that nothing short of an immediate and complete cooperative effort by all the passengers could save the ship. In order to accomplish this purpose, it would have become essential for the passengers, rigidly kept apart in the three passenger classes, to forget their compartmentalization and work side by side.

The officers quickly discovered that they lacked the authority and the strength to compel the passengers to follow instructions.

In the midst of this increasing peril the second-class passengers decided to attack the first-class passengers. It seemed like a good time, apparently, to seize control of the ship. This threw the third-class passengers into confusion and indecision. They realized that neutrality in the struggle would place them at a disadvantage with the victorious side; and they prepared to throw in their weight with what appeared to be the ultimate winner. The first-class passengers appealed to the crew for help, but the crew lacked cohesion, authority, or actual weapons. The crew became increasingly frantic and helpless, running around in large circles and pleading with the combatants to cease their warfare for the sake of mutual survival. But the hopelessness of their cajoleries soon dawned on them, and they, too, began dividing among themselves and jumping in on the side that appeared to have the upper hand.

Meanwhile the hold kept filling with water and the prow of the ship began to sink. There were desperate cries as the water came rushing over the sides. After the ship went down some heads could be seen bobbing up and down in the water. People clung with one arm to boards or life preservers. And with the other arm they continued to claw at each other. It continued this way until they became senseless or were separated by the waves. It was no particular triumph for human intelligence that eventually a few survivors were washed ashore.

TO BE sure, if the story of the sinking had been told by a survivor, an entirely different emphasis would have been presented. There would have been a long and involved and grisly tale of politics aboard ship; of strained relations between the classes and of slights and provocations and factionalisms long before the ship struck the iceberg; of specific acts which set the stage for the overt aggression. The record would clearly lay the blame with the aggressor, but being able to assess responsibility was now an academic matter. Indeed, all the minutiae pertaining to the tensions and the provocations were meaningless to an outsider who was confronted with the hideousness and idiocy of the tragedy. Viewed objectively, the factions aboard ship comprised a human entity and the human entity had been in mortal peril.

No analogy is perfect, of course, but there are certain aspects of the preceding episode which have a painful relevance to the events leading up to the recent atomic war. The first and most important point of similarity is that a common danger existed for the human race as a whole, but the human race was divided and sub-divided, its attentions being focussed on the antagonisms and frictions among nations and systems. Each nation and system had forces at its command, but man in his collective sense was open and exposed, unarmed and unrepresented. An organization had been formed for the maintenance of peace, but it was

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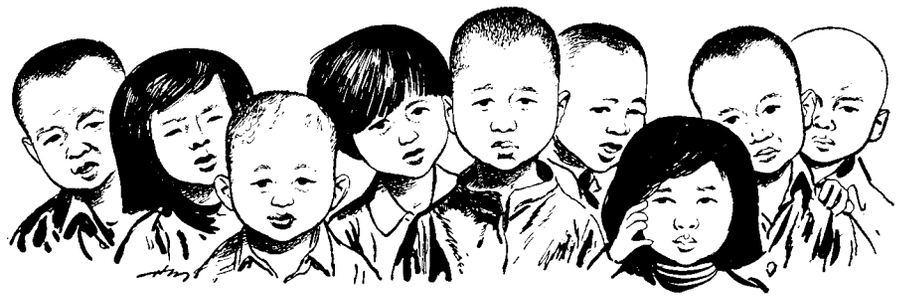

an organization of nations rather than of peoples. It had tremendous promise, but the promise never matured because no state was willing to become subordinate to the whole. And when the danger did crystallize in the form of an attack, there was a flurry of support behind the idea of a powerful world body enjoying the machinery of government, but nothing came of it. Later, when the attack mushroomed into the world war that everyone feared, it was too late, though everyone now knew what should have been done.

IN SHORT, being a member of the human race was of lesser importance than being a member of this or that system or national unit. There was no party of humanity, no overriding allegiance to the family of man, no banner which represented the major similarities of man, to be flown above the multiple banners which represented his minor differences.

Strangest of all, however, is the fact that one nation in the world might have been able to fashion such a banner. That nation was America, consisting of many peoples from many lands. Unlike other nations, America was not the end product of long and tortuous growth. It was born in an idea—that the individual was sacred and precious and had natural rights even against the state. Woodrow Wilson dramatized this idea when he said that America was established to vindicate the rights of man. "We did not name any differences between one race and another. We did not set up any barriers against any particular people. We said, 'This independence of ours is not a selfish thing for our own exclusive use. It is for everybody to whom we can find the means of extending it.' Nothing can make America great except her ideals. I hope we shall never forget that we created this nation not to serve ourselves but to serve mankind."

Yet too many Americans did forget it. When the Second World War ended in 1945, there was a sudden rush back to the old ways. It was as if the driver of a crowded bus suddenly jumped from the moving bus as it passed his home because he was anxious to be with his family. The close of the war actually marked only the beginning of America's new responsibility in the world, and not the end of it, as many Americans had supposed.

The peace, if it was to endure, required greater effort, greater thought, greater imagination than the war itself. But most of the concentration went into the trivia of a prosperous existence. Jobs were plentiful, salaries were good despite high taxes and high prices, profits soared to all-time highs, new homes were built at a record rate, gleaming new automobiles came spinning off the assembly lines by the millions, television became a giant new industry as dozens of companies turned out sets for a clamoring market.

There were warnings of the impending danger, but these were brushed aside. People preoccupied with prosperity are naturally resistant to a call for duty against a danger not yet crystallized. Meanwhile, public officials of both parties, as late as June 1950, were assuring the American people that they need have no apprehensions about war. It was claimed that not since 1945 had the prospects for peace been so bright. One week later, the Soviet-sponsored North Korean Government launched its attack. Like Pearl Harbor, the attack came on a Sunday, when the Western world was relaxed.

As long as there are historians in the world, they will be baffled by the strange failure of the United States to throw all its moral and physical resources behind the attempt to give the United Nations powers beyond that of the nations—powers to maintain arsenals and forces of its own, *compelling* rather than *inviting* national disarmament.

They will wonder why it was that Americans allowed themselves to be sidetracked by speculations as to what Russia would do about such a proposal, when they themselves were unwilling to make it. If the proposal was made in good faith, and if what was proposed called for a pooling of sovereignty only in those matters affecting the common security of the world's peoples, then it was to the equal advantage of all nations to join. In any case, it was folly to permit the nature of the organization and the rules of the game to be dictated by the lawbreaker.

Most of all, though, the historians will never be able to understand America's failure to realize that her real security and strength lay not in superior stockpiles of weapons but in a vital identification with humanity-at-large. Her principal role in the world would have been as champion of those ideals to which men have always responded—justice under the law and recognition of individual worth, a chance to own the land a man tilled, security in his person and the protection of his private property, absolute noninterference with his spiritual development, access to information and the right of expression and protest—orally or in the public prints—and opportunity to develop the human potential.

Ideals such as these, advanced and articulated by the United States through a powerful United Nations, might have been able to keep the preponderance of the world's peoples, especially in the Far East and India, from being attracted to, or from passing into the control of, Soviet Russia.

In such a role America would have been able to break away from the old and futile level of rough-and-tumble politics, of maneuvers and countermaneuvers, of action and counteraction. On the higher and more consequential level—the level directly affecting the nature of human destiny—she would have fulfilled her own history.

"STATING the thing broadly, the human individual usually lives far within his limits; he possesses powers of various sorts which he habitually fails to use. He energizes below his maximum, and he behaves below his optimum. In elementary faculty, in coordination, in power of inhibition and control—in every conceivable way, his life is contracted like the field of vision of an hysteric subject—but with less excuse, for the poor hysteric is diseased, while in the rest of us it is only an inveterate habit, the habit of inferiority to our full self, that is bad."

—WILLIAM JAMES.

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THERE is another possible ending to the story. This story could tell of a change in America produced by the shock of Korea, and of successful American leadership in the building of a constructive peace. The story centers around one man—the President of the United States—and the way in which he rose to meet a responsibility greater than had ever been thrust on one man in human history. The optimistic notes that follow represent a guess concerning what the turning point might be that could surmount the crisis of 1950—as viewed from the platform of 1960.

2.—*The Age of Valor*

AUGUST 6, 1960.

THE WORLD is at peace. It is not a Utopian peace, but at least the world has been made safe for its differences. It will be many years before the peoples of the world develop a true sense of world community or world citizenship, but at least they are moving in that direction.

Democracy and totalitarianism in 1960 vie with each other, as they have for many years. There is, however, this difference: the competition between the two is now kept within bounds. Totalitarianism, deprived of its traditional dynamic and aggressive drives, is changing from within and has not been in the ascendancy for almost ten years. The world is still beset by economic ills and by the problems of population pressure and conservation of natural resources, but for the first time in human history, a world organization is in being which is attacking these matters and is able to show progress. For the United Nations has undergone a vast development in the past ten years. Despite too-frequent stumblings and failings, it has been able to operate effectively in the field of a common world security. What its long-range character will be it is too early to tell.

If we survey the history since the end of the Second World War for the single event or turning point which did most to save the peace, we go back ten years to the late summer and fall of 1950. That was the summer when the world skirted the raw edge of atomic catastrophe. But that was also the year when America came into its own in terms of affirmative and effective world leadership.

The attack on South Korea in 1950 spotlighted a weakness in America that twice before had almost cost this country its freedom. That weakness was that America had been unable to develop a faculty for the anticipation of crisis. Its foreign policy failed to take into account long-range historical forces.

Constitutionally, the President was charged with the primary responsibility for shaping foreign policy, but this meant that he should have been able to assess the movement of historical forces years before they asserted themselves. It meant, too, that he would have to go before the country to propose an immediate program to forestall a crisis that might occur six, eight, or even ten years later. This meant, too, that the Congress and the people themselves would have to think and act in long-range terms.

The time to have saved the League of Nations was not after Ethiopia was attacked, but in 1920, when the question of participation came before the American people. The time to have faced up to the threat of Pearl Harbor was at least nine years before December 7, 1941, and the place was in Manchuria. The time to have stopped Nazi Germany was in 1934 and the place was on the Rhine. The time to have met squarely the danger of a third world war was in 1945 and the place was San Francisco.

All this was in the mind of the President when the news of the attack on South Korea was flashed to the White House on June 25, 1950. He realized that American democracy could not once again afford the luxury of a protracted period of waiting and indecision. If the challenge were not met immediately, it would fan out across the world. Decisive action had to be taken. This action might or might not lead to the outbreak of a third world war, but world war most certainly could not be averted without it.

The President summoned his Cabinet officials and a decision was made to commit American forces. Even more important, it was decided to place the issue before the Security Council of the United Nations. This decision was of historic consequence, for it gave the United Nations the type of responsibility it needed if it was to survive as a world body. More important still, it dramatized basic weaknesses in the structure and operation of the United Nations that would have to be repaired if the organization were suddenly to be confronted with a major threat by a major nation. For the United Nations was in the awkward position of having to ask the nations to send volunteers, instead of having an adequate force already at its disposal. Besides, each nation volunteering help could make its own determination as to what that help would be, and the time and circumstances of its delivery. Obviously, modern war could neither be prevented nor waged on such a basis. Yet a symbolic start, at least, towards a world police force had been made by the U. N. in Korea. The important thing was to build from there.

IN THE anxious days that followed the President reviewed in his mind the events since the end of the Second World War. In the light of what was happening in Korea, he found it necessary to re-examine all the aspects of American foreign policy. He went back to 1945 for an inventory of basic facts bearing on the peace.

The first fact about 1945 that now seemed clear pertained to the world's peoples, taken as a whole. All peoples everywhere, regardless of color or political systems, came out of the war linked by the need for adequate representation on a world scale—representation that would be charged with the responsibility for averting war, promoting the general welfare, and enlarging the conditions favorable to human progress.

The second fact about 1945 was that two mighty nations emerged from the Second World War under circumstances which in the past had invariably involved war. More important even than the ideological differences separating the two was the lack of any real security system of which both were a part. This would inevitably lead to a race for strength — and strength was to be measured in many ways: control of other vital territories and peoples; by strategic bases all over the world; by superiority in armaments; by any measures that would weaken the potential enemy.

The third fact was that new weapons of mass extermination had been devised. It could not have been expected that these weapons could be monopolized by any single nation;

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"AMERICA marches with its eyes not only forward, but with its eyes lifted to the distances of history, to the great events which are slowly culminating, in the providence of God, in the lifting of civilization to new levels and new achievements. That is what makes us Americans."

—WOODROW WILSON.

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they were ideally suited to an aggressor's designs and were most effective against countries with concentrated population and industry.

The fourth fact about 1945 was that any new world organization would have to be invested with as much authority beyond that given to the League of Nations as atomic energy went beyond the existing sources of power.

The fifth and final fact that was now clear was that there could be no leisurely timetable by which the United Nations could evolve into an effective organization. Time worked against peace. Time spurred the volatile race for superior arsenals and the command of strategic bases. Each day that passed brought the world closer to the end of the atomic monopoly and the beginning of the atomic stockpiles.

IN RETROSPECT it seemed hardly credible that America should have discouraged efforts to invest the United Nations with the powers of government. The President recalled that America supported the veto at San Francisco—and four years later was still unwilling to abolish it, not out of concern for the Soviet reaction necessarily, but because it didn't want to surrender sovereignty to a world body.

This reluctance to support the move to strengthen the United Nations into a functioning government now seemed all the more inexplicable in view of the expansionist and infiltration activities of Soviet Russia.

For Russia had been operating on three separate though related levels. The first level was the nationalist one. Her objectives on this level were historical rather than purely ideological, going back to the nationalist aspirations of the Czars: control of the Baltic and the Black Sea; a shock absorber or military cushion running through Central Europe, and a senior partnership with China. The second level was that of the Comintern and the Cominform, involving world revolution and infiltration. The third level was that of opportunism and exploitation, waiting for and accelerating and reaping the benefits of depression in the West, or making use of native populations, as in Berlin or Korea, to commit forces of her opponents without committing any of her own.

It was apparent that Russian strategy against the United States was to cut her off from the non-white peoples of the world, or the preponderance of mankind. She recognized that no side could win either the war or the peace unless it could attract or control most of the world's two billion people.

This strategy represented a multi-edged sword against America.

Economically, it was designed to weaken America by detaching her from vital sources of raw materials, as well as to rob her of her markets and outlets for industrial investments.

Militarily, it was designed to pit her against nations on which the atomic bomb would not be decisive—nations that were predominantly agricultural rather than industrial, and against which all the vaunted American technology would be of little avail without armed manpower that would have to be measured in tens of millions.

Ideologically, it was designed to identify America with feudalism and against long-overdue land reform and social reform. The purpose here was to discredit democracy as a doctrine that could advance and champion rights and aspirations of under-privileged peoples.

The reasons behind Russian strategy seemed clear. The world had become a single geographic unit and was fast becoming a single economic unit. But economics cannot be separated from politics. And Russia could not deny the pulling power of democracy wherever it had actually made itself felt. Hence she lost no time in appropriating the word "democracy" for her own use, even as she concocted opprobrious terms to convince the world that America represented not democracy but "reactionary imperialism"—a combination of words that held a specially bitter meaning for the world's colonial peoples in general and the people of Southeast Asia and the Near East in particular.

So far as the United Nations was concerned, Russian policy was to keep it as weak as possible—just short of killing it, for which she was anxious to avoid responsibility.

In line with this policy, Russia served notice that she would resist all efforts to limit her sovereignty. This was to be expected, for only a strong United Nations could have coped with Russia's tri-level strategical approach to a dominant position in the world. It is possible, too, that Russia realized that it would be difficult for her to remain outside of a truly integrated world community. Hence, she preferred to stay inside a weak U.N., using secession as a threat to block efforts at revision. She was anxious to avoid being confronted with the unhappy choice of becoming part of an organization having the powers to block her expansion, or pulling out of the U.N. and cutting herself off from the rest of the world—thus jeopardizing the three levels of her strategy.

REVIEWING and assessing all these facts, the President decided that the time had come for a redefinition of the foreign policy of the United States. It would have to be a long-range policy, one which fully measured up to the challenge and the shaping of historical forces. In keeping with tradition, he presented his views to the American people in the early fall of 1950. It was a speech that gave heart and hope to people everywhere. This is part of what he said:

"I have drawn up new instructions for the American delegates to the United Nations. These instructions I now submit to Congress and to the American people for their approval.

"These instructions have taken into account the happenings in Korea. In a larger sense, they have also taken into account the events of the past five years, as well as our hopes and plans for the years ahead.

"Briefly stated, the instructions direct the American delegates to the United Nations to propose at once a Revision Conference of the United Nations under Articles 108 and 109. These articles provide that a conference may be called for the purpose of altering the structure of the United Nations if two-thirds of the nations wish to do so. Such a call is not subject to the veto.

"The American purpose in propos-

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ing such a Conference is to give the greatest possible strength to the United Nations in the shortest possible time.

"By all possible strength, I am thinking of the power of world law. This would most certainly include law-making, law-enforcing, and law-interpreting agencies.

"It would mean that the United Nations would have at its disposal a police force or army of substantial numbers. Such an army would be well equipped and sufficiently large and strategically dispersed in order to prevent aggression, as well as to enforce world law.

"Americans have been deeply shocked by the events in Korea. The struggle to put down aggression in that country has been on a scale that hardly seemed possible only a few months ago. We were deprived of the advantage we had in the first and second world wars, when allies held the field until we could mobilize and direct our strength.

"It is no secret that the aggressor in modern warfare possesses a tremendous advantage. He can choose the time and place of attack, counting on surprise to attain the objective before the victim can defend himself or rally support.

"No one nation can be expected to police the entire world against this type of aggression. The threat is against the world, and the world must organize to defend itself.

"I am asking the American delegates to make our proposal in all good faith. We seek nothing from a strengthened United Nations that would not be available to all nations, large and small.

"Here is a chance for the world to wipe the slate clean of the mistakes of the past five years. The benefits of participation are equally available to all. And when I say 'all,' I mean 'all.' Any nation sincerely interested in security and the common welfare of the world's peoples should have no hesitation in joining with the rest.

"But let there be no mistake about it. There are benefits but there are also obligations and responsibilities. The durable, meaningful peace to which humanity is entitled cannot be obtained without sacrifice.

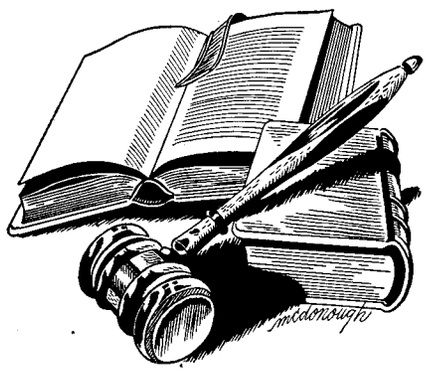
"Unlimited national sovereignty cannot be retained—if we sincerely want peace.

"No nation can be a law unto itself in the common affairs of the world community—if we sincerely want peace.

"No nation can expect to retain sole jurisdiction over the size and nature of its arsenals—if we sincerely want peace.

"These are some of the basic principles which must go into the making of a system of law and order. And, again I say, any nation sincerely interested in security, any nation that does not covet other territory, should have no hesitation in accepting these duties as a member of a world community.

"The aim of such a strengthened United Nations would be universal



membership. The conditions for membership can be clearly stated: respect for the rules of the game, respect for the rights of the individual members, prompt fulfillment of obligations, recognition of the fact that the human community enjoys precedence over the national community in those specific matters related to a common world security.

"So much for the form of a workable world organization. The instructions to the American delegates to the United Nations are also concerned with the substance that would go into the making of such a body.

"In spirit, the United Nations must become the protector and spokesman for humanity-at-large. It must transform itself from a forum of the nations into a Congress of the peoples. It must serve a higher purpose than the mere projection of the foreign policies of the individual nations.

"Because of this, the American delegates should be free to consider every issue or question coming before the councils of the United Nations according to this simple test: does it help or harm human welfare?

"I am sure all Americans will agree with me when I say that our delegates can best represent the American people by regarding themselves as representatives of the human community.

"It is inconceivable that there should ever be any real conflict between the general welfare of humanity and the welfare of the American people. If such a conflict does arise, then American democracy will have lost its meaning as we know it.

"We hope our delegates and the delegates of all nations will vote as individuals on each issue according to their consciences and best judgment, and not as members of national blocs.

"I am therefore proposing that the delegates from each nation be elected by popular vote. This will make the United Nations a truly representative body of the world's peoples. The method of elections and the size of the various representations should be left to the determination of the Revision Conference.

"Participation in the building of such a responsible world body is the greatest challenge and privilege for America in its history. It is a summons to greatness.

"We are called upon to make a complete commitment—moral, physical, spiritual—to the cause of human progress and welfare. We will oppose imperialism to no less an extent than aggression. We will support and associate ourselves with the struggle for freedom and human rights. Humanity is now one and we propose to be at one with humanity.

"No one knows whether this total American commitment to the cause of a strong and just United Nations and to a free world will succeed. No one knows whether it can come in time to prevent world-wide atomic war. But if this madness is to be; if there is nothing that any of us, acting with heart and might, can do to stop it—then at least we can answer to our consciences. At least it can be said we spoke for man.

"Surely, there can be no greater purpose or mission for a democratic people than this, to stand before the world as humanity's champion.

"And even if the war is averted, the years ahead will not be easy. Charting an even course for human destiny will require anguish, disappointment, sacrifice. But it will be known in history as The Age of Valor. No struggle in history will have had a more towering dedication." —N. C.

"UNDER the domination of an idea which possesses the minds of multitudes, as civil freedom, or the religious sentiment, the powers of persons are no longer subjects of calculation. A nation of men unanimously bent on freedom . . . can easily confound the arithmetic of statists."

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

"THE FACT that reason too often fails does not give fair ground for the hysterical conclusion that it never succeeds. Reason can be compared to the force of gravitation, the weakest of all natural forces, but in the end the creator of suns and stellar systems."

—A. N. WHITEHEAD.

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Fiction. *The most dramatic of this week's novels is "White Witch Doctor," by Louise A. Stinetorf, whose life to some extent parallels that of her heroine, an American woman who went to the Belgian Congo when she was over forty to join a mission. Soon she was the doctor and surgeon for the countryside, hated by native medicine men and regarded with some resentment by missionaries. Michael Amrine's "Secret" comes from the opposite pole of human experience. It is about a top atomic scientist and the fight for civilian control of the atomic bomb. Two novels provide entertainment without suffering. Colorado in the days of Frémont's expedition is the subject of Wilbur Daniel Steele's vivid and appealing story of a wilderness man and a minister's niece. And H. Philip Kemberton's "Now That Summer's Come" is a pleasant reflection of life in a well-to-do community outside New York City. It begins cheerfully, ends happily, and includes some trenchant observations about suburban mores and summer habitants.*

A Top Scientist, Inside Out

SECRET. By Michael Amrine. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 320 pp. $3.

By JOHN BROOKS

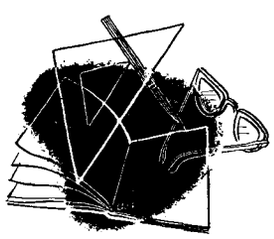
PROMETHEUS, in ancient Greek legend, stole fire from heaven and gave it to man, and for this rash act was condemned by Zeus to be chained to Mount Caucasus and have his liver daily pecked at by a vulture. Atomic scientists, who have given man a new fire, are now—it seems evident—condemned to be pecked, perhaps not daily but nearly so, by vulturine Congressmen and other loyalty investigators.

In the light of such parallels and the facts of human psychology, it is not surprising that some atomic scientists should now abandon their matter-of-fact, logical approach and adopt a mythic conception of themselves—think of themselves as gods.

One such atomic scientist is the subject of Michael Amrine's first novel, "Secret," though Mr. Amrine intends to treat his subject sympathetically rather than satirically, and the scientist's assumption of superior status comes through as if Mr. Amrine considered it the right and normal thing.

The author is not a scientist himself; he is a former newspaperman who was publications editor for the Association of American Physicists during that organization's fight for civilian control of atomic energy—but his attempt is to write of a top scientist from the inside, giving a sort of diary of the man's professional ideas and reactions to events, from Alamogordo to the hydrogen bomb.

"Secret" is not very successful as a novel. The author states in the first chapter that his subject is to be "this race of beings called human." That alarming statement out of the way, he lowers the pitch of his voice several octaves and recounts the thoughts and doings of Professor B. F. Halverson, a Baltimore physicist, with simplicity marred by only a few flights of fancy writing. There is very little plot and no characters that need mentioning except Halverson, who ends up as a set of notions rather than as a whole man; he seems to be disembodied, to have no real personal life but only a phantom one. The only fully developed scene in the book is the now all too familiar one of the scientist before the investigators under klieg lights and newsreel cameras; it is properly horrible. A good deal of "Secret," in fact, is written in downright essay form, and because of its strong topical interest it deserves to be discussed as an essay.



Halverson, then, as a typical atomic scientist working quietly at a university, accepts a wartime invitation to work on the bomb project because he believes in the war. To his surprise, he finds himself at odds with the military and at the end of the war he wants to pull out and go back to his university. But it gradually begins to dawn upon him that the bomb has political and human implications and that his wartime work has in some sense amounted to a commitment. Then comes the most interesting part: the conversion of Halverson, in his own eyes, from scientist to superior being.

In lecturing before clubs on the effects of radiation he observes the rapt, pleading way that people hang on his every word, and suddenly his unpleasant sense of commitment becomes a slightly pleasant sense of power. He has them all in the palm of his hand, because he *knows*, and they do not! Intoxicated thus, he begins to see himself as one of the few intelligent men in the world. The gospel that he preaches to the clubs is that the villain is the principle of national secrecy rather than any certain foreign power. This is something that it scarcely takes a scientist to see yet to Halverson it comes as a regular revelation, exclusively his.

"Adventure was for motion pictures, starring Paul Muni. Work was for scientists, work and modesty and truth." So thinks Halverson early in the book. Later, with his really overpowering naivete, he remarks to a colleague, "I am no Socrates. I am a physics professor who is doing his best to save society." And the last twist comes when the author remarks quite seriously: "Halverson had increasing respect for the intelligence of people who were not scientists. It had been hard to learn . . ."

At the end Halverson is prepared to take his part, along with a Nazi scientist who had once been his instructor, in a military project to design a final super-weapon. He does this out of sheer hopelessness that he can ever pierce the dense ignorance of nonphysicist humanity — a rather drooping Titan now, preparing, with a certain patronizing regret, to liquidate the stupid race of men. Or, perhaps, just a child with a dangerous toy and a fit of pique at the whole world.

Mr. Amrine himself has, of course, assumed a responsibility in writing fiction about a man he identifies as one of the top-ranking scientists of America, and I suspect that he has done the actual top scientists an unintentional injustice. Whether these men are really as limited, innocently arrogant in their rectitude, and hemmed in by lack of humor and understanding as B. F. Halverson, remains very much of a question. If they are—or if, as seems more likely, there is just an element of Halverson in some of them—then the reason for their failure to convert us all to internationalism is evident. Halverson's trouble is simply that he feels so superior to everybody else that, even assuming he has the truth, nobody will ever by any chance like him. In order to be temporarily saved one must, after all, like one's savior.

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Minister's Niece Astray & Descendants

DIAMOND WEDDING. By Wilbur Daniel Steele. New York: Doubleday & Co. 309 pp. $3.

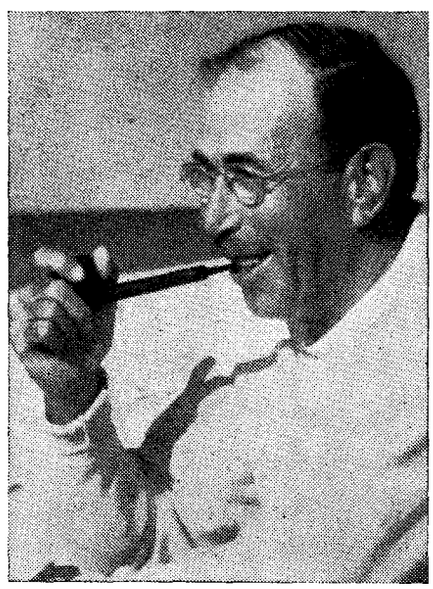
By DALE L. MORGAN

HERE IS a novel by a Coloradan, for Coloradans above all others. This does not mean that anybody is given leave to pass up the book just because he happens to have been born to more lowly estate, a Down-Easter, say, or even a Texan. People *are* born in Colorado; I know of one case myself. But this is a relatively recent innovation. Historically, Coloradans have come squalling into the world wherever labor chanced to overtake their mothers, and have only gravitated to the environment suited to the species as age, wisdom, and mobility have worked upon them.

Wilbur Daniel Steele is a case in point. He was born in North Carolina, sufficiently far off, you might suppose, that he could grow up to some respectable calling like raising cigarette prices or wringing the damp out of the U. S. Navy. But if you are born as one of the Elect, there is no use hiding from your destiny. You go to Colorado to get your raising, become an artist, write short stories to get a job illustrating them, write short stories to get out of the job of illustrating them, and first thing you know, you are writing novels about Colorado. Apparently Mr. Steele spends his time these days as a beachcomber operating out of Old Lyme, Connecticut, but a Coloradan he remains. No one else could have written "Diamond Wedding."

In short, although this book is some distance this side of the best novel that will be written this year, maybe even of the best historical novel, a book more thoroughly characteristic of the people, the history, and the habits of mind which make the Coloradan a separate species in the genus Westerner is not likely to make its appearance in some years. Even in the manner of its telling "Diamond Wedding" bespeaks the country out of which it comes, the story set forth with almost maddening deliberation, all cross-grained in its structure, with a prose so knotty and gnarled that one must occasionally back away to grease the teeth of one's understanding before the meaning can be sawed out.

In so far as the novel has a hero, it is Gowd Skinner, slow to think, slower to speak, who would put off a decision until the millrace of events jerked him loose from his last handhold, and who then, like you and you and me, might likely as not strike out in the wrong direction. Born maybe in Virginia, maybe in Ohio, Gowd drifted west as flotsam upon the tide overspreading America, reaching Colorado in his fifteenth year as a skinny muleteer with Frémont's disastrous Fourth Expedition. Although the heyday of the mountain man was gone, Colorado was still a wilderness to shape the whites who chose to live among the tribes, and it made of Gowd the very type-specimen of the Old Scout, that breed now extinct which not so very long ago was one of the doubtful glories of Larimer Street.



—*Brad Troost.*

Wilbur Daniel Steele—"a Coloradan he remains."

The Pikes Peakers soon piled in, however, and willy-nilly Gowd had to make another kind of life for himself. Along the way to the ranch he was to fall into he picked up a minister's niece astray in the mountains, according to the crazy-quilt texture of the times. They were snowed in together through one whole winter, so that after a time she became frantic for a minister, then frantic lest a minister actually appear. When Gowd went hunting for a woman, any woman, he came up instead with a lunger, Doc Harries, who had been serving as midwife to a trail herd up from New Mexico, and Doc ever after must find his life entangled with that of the Skinners.

The Skinners, their friends, and their variously wayward children are all realistically understood human beings, and this marks them as refreshingly different from the furniture with which most historical novels are stocked these days. They do things for good reason or no reason, and what results is no more an outcome logical in itself than generally happens in life as we all live it. As I have said already, most of all "Diamond Wedding" will appeal to Coloradans. But even those who read it from the outside are likely to respond to the book, holding as it does to its own stubborn integrity, and from first page to last characterized by a quality not common to most historical fiction these days. Those who do respond had better look further into the matter. It may be that they have waited until now to discover that they, too, are Coloradans and are only waiting upon the necessary change of scene.

Congo Calling

WHITE WITCH DOCTOR. By Louise A. Stinetorf. Philadelphia: Westminster Press. 276 pp. $3.

By MARY L. JOBE AKELEY

THIS is the story of Ellen Burton, a well-to-do American spinster of forty, who after the death of her aged parents trained as a nurse and went to the Belgian Congo as a medical missionary. Although she knew the lives and adventures of such great explorers and missionaries as Livingstone and Stanley, she found Africa "a strange, terrifying new world that looked like a strange, terrifying new planet." Nor was she happy when she met at Leopoldville her mission "boss," a religious fanatic, jealous of her financial independence and fearful of losing his job. After a four weeks' journey up the Congo River she came to Tani, the mission, a cluster of grass huts with floors coated with an insect-repellent mortar of anthill clay and fresh cow-dung. In the small church lighted by torches to frighten prowling leopards she was asked "to preach," on arrival. That night, just as she was falling asleep, a python crawled from the ceiling to the foot of her bed. Twenty-two feet of python! Fine "chop" for the natives, who killed and ate it, they told her.

Ultimately Ellen took charge at a large station called N'zem and applied herself to a study of the medical books she found there. Soon she was acclaimed the "Little White Witch Doctor." One day an elderly native woman, Aganza, arrived carrying a new-born infant rescued from being buried alive with his dead mother. The child lived. Ellen, determined to prevent Aganza's husband from enslaving her, settled his claims for a small quantity of salt and a few yards

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—Illustrations from "White Witch Doctor."

of muslin. The child grew into a lusty boy and was sent away to school. Within two years the astonishing Aganza learned to speak and write English, to keep records in the clinic, and, with the aid of a dictionary, even to read Ellen's medical books. She became a skilful surgical assistant. But of God and heaven she had no comprehension.

In time the mission station had to endure a long period of rain, near-famine, high infant mortality, and floods. A deadly puff-adder sought refuge on Ellen's bed and while Aganza was killing it with a spear she broke the missionary's leg. On her return to Tani, 200 miles distant, she was carried by the pygmies summoned by the drums. Although burdened by a heavy papier mâché cast on her leg, which she and the natives made by chewing her medical journals, the invincible Ellen shot for her safari many guinea fowl and bustards while en route.

After an eighteen months' leave in the United States, Ellen returned to establish a new station in Aganza's old village. Here she encountered the hostility of the local witch doctor and met Mr. and Mrs. Explorer, whom she hated on sight. She couldn't tolerate "explorers who explore with million-dollar safaris, and whose 'scientific' aim seems to be columnar miles of newspaper publicity and fat royalty checks from books in which they tell how intrepid they are." She saw Mrs. Explorer "scream, rant, and kick the natives." Her husband used bad language. But Ellen proved a match for the couple. She drove them out of the hospital compound, regardless of their "permits from a battery of Belgian high and mighties."

These "explorers" had traveled from Kenya to stage a lion hunt. But the author does not explain why they had come from the great plains of East Africa, where lions abound and where Nandi, Lumbwa, and Masai from time immemorial had hunted lions whenever they had menaced their herds. There they could have photographed the greatest primitive drama of all Africa where the naked native (trained from boyhood) armed only with his hand-wrought iron spear and shield of buffalo hide goes out to slay the King of Beasts. So why does Miss Stinetorf bring Mr. and Mrs. Explorer right out of lion country to the Congo jungle "of few lions," where "only the old men had speared lions and that in their youth and had not had a spear in their hands for years?"

If Miss Stinetorf was impelled to show her disgust for Mr. and Mrs. Explorer, who in Kenya were "roughing it de luxe in a base camp with permanent buildings, exotic vegetable and rose gardens, airplane connections with the outside world which would have made such a dub as Livingstone turn over in his grave," why didn't she cast them, for example, on a hunt for the rare okapi, indigenous to the Congo forest she describes, and have the skilful pygmies engage in the drive? She could still have anathematized the explorers and given a glimpse of the natural history of the region. Webster defines a novel as "a fictitious prose tale." As such, authenticity cannot be demanded. Yet certain readers might have enjoyed a closer adherence to fact, in which case zebra and giraffe might have been left out of the picture since they do not live in the Congo forest.

Miss Stinetorf has made of Ellen, "knowing little of theology or medicine and armed only with a sense of humor," a woman who not only displays unusual resourcefulness but who constantly overcomes the greatest obstacles. Granted, as the author states, that many of the incidents are "drawn from actual facts" and various sources, it seems an excess of poetic license to attribute such a multitude of extraordinary experiences to a single individual. The Congo is a fabulous land where astonishing events occur. But Ellen's high adventures are endless and move in too close sequence, unbroken by the commonplace, for anyone who knows the primitive peoples in their Great Congo Forest habitat to enjoy even mildly.

It is unfortunate, too, that the author has described the mission head as a personality lacking in sympathy and intelligence. He is by no means typical of the many capable and devoted American, English, Scandinavian, and Belgian Protestant missionaries in the Congo, not to mention the great majority of Catholic faith. The Protestants direct both religious and medical services in the Colony in more than a hundred centers. Here, on an average, 2,500,000 consultations occur annually while 100 "European" nurses and 500 trained native assistants aid in the medical service. Here, too, the missionaries maintain excellent trade schools. Twenty printing shops publish books in forty dialects. Thus more than "preaching the gospel" is accomplished.

Mary L. Jobe Akeley spent several years in Africa in exploration with her husband, the late Carl Akeley. Her latest book, "Congo Eden," was published last spring.

Attempted Suicide

THE WEEPING AND THE LAUGHTER. By Vera Caspary. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 301 pp. $3.

By Josephine Lawrence

MEDICAL men, if not druggists, are alarmed by the public's increasing reliance on sleeping pills. Women, who resort to them in greater numbers than do men, take them because of nervous tension, a phrase covering every angle of idleness, boredom, anxiety, failure, and regret. The modern woman substitutes a sleeping pill for courage, for endurance, for faith, and when she can no longer fool herself she takes the contents of the whole box.

Often the suicide is successful. Sometimes, as in the case of Vera Caspary's Emmy Arkwright, the specialist and hospital get the case in time. Emmy's life is saved, and in establishing the motive for her attempt the sleeping pill set is expertly drawn and as expertly analyzed.

Frankly, unless one believes devoutly in the sacredness of all human life, few of the men and women seem worth the expenditure of such skill. Emmy is taut —undoubtedly she thinks of herself as brittle—, divorced, a successful (twenty - thousand - a - year) designer of lounging clothes in Southern California. Her parasitical family expect her to support them in luxury, and she does. Frances Silverstein, her business partner, is in love with

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Vera Caspary—"A party is 'a thing.'"

Emmy's fiancé and envious of the Arkwrights' racial pride. The young doctor, Nat Volck, who patiently probes for Emmy's life secrets, is interested in the dark aberrations of her mind.

Emmy, released from the hospital, refuses to admit that she took the overdose of pills. The attempt at suicide lies like a corpse between herself and everyone with whom she has contact. It is always there, always being stumbled over, or stepped upon with the uneasy footing carefully concealed. In her involved, tormented mental processes Emmy is probably representative of an appalling army of women who dig their graves with their mirrors. There is nothing in Emmy's code, or that of her acquaintances and friends, to help her forget herself. Inevitably her dreary convalescence is unreasonably prolonged. At the end she acquires the will to live and accepts the conclusion that she has been trying to punish those close to her—a psychological explanation of her behavior that leaves the lay reader properly reduced to a pulp.

Meanwhile her doctor has been finding himself—with considerably less introspection and a great deal more honesty—and is ready to start practice in another section of the country where the standards of living are, he hopes, less artificial and contrived. It is difficult to believe that Emmy will ever be other than neurotic, but the thought that the doctor, if he marries her, can always be sure of having at least one patient may be rather unkind.

Miss Caspary dissects her characters with her usual artistry, accuracy, and attention to detail. They're all opportunists under the California sun, from the doctor (with whom Nat works) and his fee-splitting, to the wealthy men who provide companionship and second and third husbands for the women. Emmy's brother is a nervous, tortured, unattractive weakling, her mother gentle and greedy. Everyone knows a little of music, mentions Picasso, refers to a party as "a thing," and prides himself on being intelligent and high-strung.

Possibly we are not meant to know one another as intimately as Emmy is revealed, and so she loses her appeal as the revelation progresses. Ironically, her sister-in-law, a disgracefully sloppy, selfish, and extravagant, animal-like creature who should be utterly revolting, succeeds in being more warmly remembered.

Josephine Lawrence is author of "Years Are So Long" and "My Heart Shall Not Fear."

To Terms with Life in Suburbia

NOW THAT SUMMER'S COME. By H. Philip Kemberton. New York: The Macmillan Co. 232 pp. $2.75.

By Harrison Smith

HERE at last is a cheerful, charming, and clever novel! There are no psychoanalysts, murderers, rapists, demented people, or Communists among the well-to-do or wealthy families who spend their summers close to the author's anonymous Connecticut village, situated somewhere around Wilton or Fairfield—far enough from New York to be in the country and yet near enough so that husbands can commute to their offices in the stifling city and return in time for cocktails and dinner. But a brand-new writer, whose name is H. Philip Kemberton, must have lived there for some time, watching what went on with shrewd and friendly eyes. The twenty or more human beings who inhabit "Now That Summer's Come" appear to be drawn from life, or are lively composite portraits of the men and women and youngsters who can be seen greeting each other on station platforms every weekday, or driving off in shining cars to tree-shaded homes. It is pleasant to contemplate them in a novel which does not ask the reader to question which of them are concealing what tragedies or contemplating what sins.

There must be, for example, thousands of families in this country like Charles Ferris, his competent wife, Liz; his tall daughter, Jess, and his son, Freddie, who is waiting for his last year in Princeton. The young people are at that difficult age when parents don't know quite what to do about them; they are in a way lost, waiting for what the future may bring. Jess works for an art dealer in New York and at twenty-six has never been in love; she is too tall and robust for a time when young men want pocket-sized, cute girls. Freddie is a little spoiled, wants vaguely to be an architect, though he is sure that his father expects him to work in his firm. His mother thinks wistfully that he is more pleasant to strangers than to his own family. Like so many others, the Ferrises enjoy the pattern of their life: the office, a house to take care of, bridge, golf, parties.

Another group is made up of young people, second- or third-generation residents, living on land given them by their parents or in remodeled guest houses and garages, waiting, the author says, "until they got settled," meaning, though he is too polite to say so, that they are waiting for someone to die and leave them money. A tenacious widow, Gus Van Stride, lives with her stepson, Rich, in a large French chateau, complete with turrets, which her husband had constructed from real-estate profits half a century ago. Rich works in an office in New York, taking care of her money, a tall, simple, likable young man beginning to fall in love with shy and unsuspecting Jess Ferris.

Millie Samson is another neighbor of the Ferris family, an ordinary, uninspiring woman, whose sister and niece come to visit all the way from the Texas oil fields they inherited. The niece, a girl with the unlikely name of Standish, was born to make trouble in any community. She has blue-black hair, green eyes, and a luscious figure. Mr. Kemberton describes her with a tinge of malice. "The girl's dress was simple but clung to her like a wet rag. She had a soft hearth-rug expression that most men would call appealing, and she used her eyes in place of gestures." It is natural enough that Freddie Ferris should be taken in by her; he would have had to give up Princeton and his career to marry her, if she had not been provided with a young oil man from Texas, who seemed to be willing to have her on any terms. But his rueful experience with her seductive charms and Southern accent brings the boy into a realization of himself.

The story of Jessie's romance is written with warmth and charm. She has been frightened of the love Rich

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offered; but one night he kisses her; then he asks her to marry him. The awkward, unhappy girl who had renounced marriage is transported into a future of happiness.

It takes some courage in these days for a writer, who is obviously capable of turning on tears and misery if he cared to do so, to produce so blatantly happy an ending. Readers who are not frightened by so unlikely an event in well-written contemporary fiction may come to the end of "Now That Summer's Come" with a sigh of contentment; they will be none the worse for the experience of meeting a few agreeable and amusing people who know how to come to terms with life.

Fiction Notes

MONSOON, by G. H. Johnston. Dodd, Mead. $3. Mr. Johnston's preposterous romance is rendered all the more meretricious by his having chosen India for background, India in its struggle for partition. It is difficult enough to credit Michael Casey, the bitter, saturnine artist who has been cashiered out of the British Army and is now painting the soul of India, or the brash American girl who loves him, Kylie York, with any reality; but when we are asked to assume that their Dick Tracy adventures with Indian agents and British detectives are somehow related to the life and aspirations of India, that is indeed an imposition. The dialogue fits the action like a dubbed sound-track. Well, there is native rioting, broken up by Michael Casey, who becomes a hunted man. But the old charge against him, of rape, is cleared up as a conspiracy, and he and Kylie are free to go forth to the beckoning Eastern hills. All right, but why drag in the monsoon and the Indian problem? It could have happened on Third Avenue, N. Y., and would have looked better there.

THE BITTERWEED PATH, by Thomas Hal Phillips. Rinehart. $3. With all the sincerity and aspiration that he possesses, Mr. Phillips has yet been unable to fashion a novel out of one emotion. It takes bones and flesh and drive; it takes a palpable rising line of feeling to make a book—and looked at from that point of view Mr. Phillips's "Bitterweed Path" runs disappointingly thin.

Darrell Barclay is a lad with no roots of his own to cling to—no mother and a father whose cold and harsh nature can evoke nothing but fear. Darrell turns, then, like any plant to the nearest sun; he attaches himself hungrily to the Pitt family. Malcolm, the father, and Roger, the son, both love him and adopt him as their own, another son and brother. Here, in the strange ambiguous interplay of male love, is the crux of the book. None of the three is conscious of the exact state of his feelings. They are aware of one another in a blind, irrational way; they stumble over their love, their rivalry, their nostalgia for some moment of definition that will let them stand up whole and separate again. Which has a father? Which son is most loved by Malcolm?

Mr. Phillips has immersed himself in these blurred emotions and has, I think, lost his grip upon the situation. He, like Darrell and Roger, is hypnotized by sadness and nostalgia. He reiterates, as they do, the one note as though he were expressing a range of experience. There are other people about them. They grow up, go to school, marry, gain wealth and lose it. But all of this reads like shadow-boxing. It is unreal, unconvincing, because Mr. Phillips has not gotten beyond Darrell and his yearning. The rest is figment. And Darrell is not big enough, nor his passion big enough, to make a book. Mr. Phillips needs to build a bigger world—outer or inner, it would not matter which.

—NATHAN L. ROTHMAN.

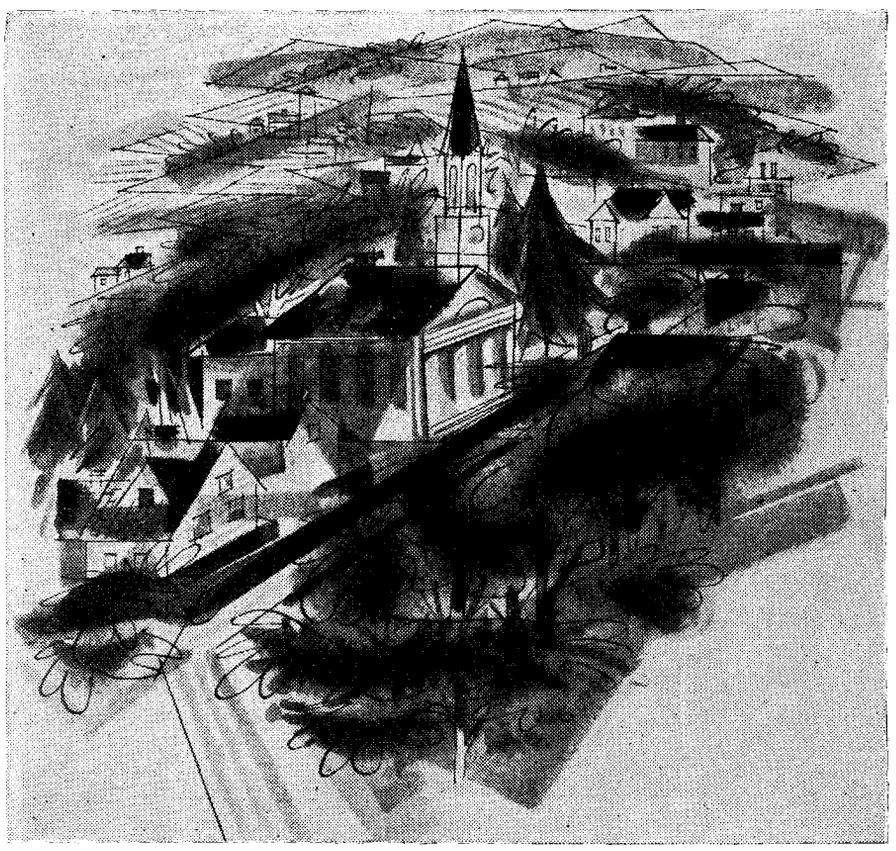
THE OUTSIDER, by Ernesto Sábato. Translated by Harriet de Onis. Knopf. $2.50. If one is in the mood for speculation there's a lot of material to work upon in this short novel by an Argentinian writer. It is ostensibly the story of a crime, and the narrator, who begins, "I am Juan Pablo Castel, the painter who killed Maria Iribarne . . . ," is presumably going to tell all. He does and he doesn't, and it is what he doesn't tell which provides the speculative possibilities. He mainly *doesn't* tell about Maria Iribarne, a fadedly beautiful inhabitant of Buenos Aires, and if you can find this tale of passion credible at all you will want to know more about her.

Maria Iribarne is married to a blind man, carries on a seemingly cold-blooded affair with her husband's cousin, and, unfortunately (because it results in her demise), gets passionately involved with Castel, the painter. What you do get to know about her concerns some vague, inner loneliness that she always is aware of, and since Castel, too, has this kind of loneliness (characterized by a feeling of being on the outside of things) they become soul mates very quickly indeed.

This morbid pair then proceeds to have a subtle and morbid relationship, complicated all the more by Maria's elusiveness and Castel's psychopathic imaginings. You're rather relieved, on the whole, when he finally plunges that carving knife into her breast.

The writing itself is felicitous enough to keep one reading with a certain fascination (perhaps, you

(*Continued on page* 41)



—From "Now That Summer's Come."

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Americana. *The men we cherish as folk heroes are seldom those who have occupied the most important positions or have materially altered the course of history. Ben V. Lilly, professional bear and lion hunter, was certainly not an important man, yet J. Frank Dobie is probably right when he sees in him the makings of a folk hero. Mr. Dobie's "The Ben Lilly Legend" is reviewed on page 20. Another picturesque vagabond was the late George Palmer Putnam, who sang a moving lyric to the Pacific Northwest in his last book, "Up in Our Country" (see page 19). Melville Weston Fuller, Chief Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court for twenty-two years, and John Bell, valiant warrior for the preservation of the Union in 1860, were far more important men. Yet in spite of the devoted efforts of their biographers, W. L. King and J. H. Parks, they remain glamorless figures, of interest to lawyers and students of political history.*

Top Jurist of Our Land

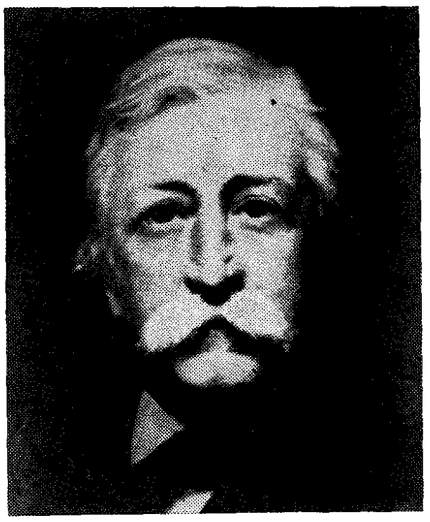
MELVILLE WESTON FULLER. By Willard L. King. New York: The Macmillan Co. 394 pp. $5.

By MORRIS L. ERNST

FEW AMERICANS are familiar with the name Melville Weston Fuller, one of our thirteen Chief Justices of the Supreme Court of the nation. Willard L. King has written a kindly and fascinating volume about this important but unglamorous top jurist of our land. As a hobby Mr. King, a leading Illinois attorney, tried his hand at the first biography of Fuller, of whom Judge Holmes wrote: "As a presiding officer Fuller was the greatest Chief Justice I have ever known"; and Holmes had sat under Fuller, Taft, White, and Hughes.

Fuller was not an easy subject: a man of modesty, freedom from partisanship, great industry, a punster of only medium ability, but above all a moderator. When Cleveland appointed Fuller to succeed Chief Justice Waite it was said that the new Chief Justice was the most obscure man ever appointed to that high office. This, even though he had wider legal experience than any judge on the bench at that time. On the other hand, all of our Chief Justices from Jay to Vinson, save only Fuller, had previously held some Federal post. Mr. King tells the anomalies of the Fuller career in simple, factual, lawyerlike terms—a most competent job—although for my part I wish there were more trace of a hunt for the whys and wherefores.

An entrancing part of this volume lies in the early background history of young Melville, stemming from a line of Democrats, and growing up in the great days of the flowering of



Melville Weston Fuller—"the most obscure man ever appointed Chief Justice."

New England. His youth was spent in the romantic era from 1833 to 1860, a period comparable to the Elizabethan Age in England. Three months after his birth his mother obtained a divorce in Kennebec County, Maine, and thereafter father Fuller had no relations with the son except by way of inherited characteristics. This child of a strong mother grew up in the days before matches, lamps, or plumbing. Argufying was his hobby and by 1849—at the age of sixteen—he was elected president of the Dialectic Club of Augusta, Maine. At Bowdoin College he was one of twenty-five in the class, all but four stemming from Maine. Studying law in his uncle's office in 1854, he attended Harvard Law School at a time when the faculty numbered only three. After six months he had had enough of law school. I wish King had made some irrelevant appraisals of the effect of such training for the bar—as compared to the present techniques of three years of legal abstractions—in preparation for future chief justiceships.

In 1856 Fuller moved to Chicago, the year when Marshall Field, George Pulham, and Richard Crane also went to live in the City of the Plains. He married in 1856, acted as a reporter for the *New York Herald* at the age of twenty-seven, and made the welcoming speech for Douglas, with whom Fuller was far more in tune than he was with Lincoln. In fact, Fuller condemned the Emancipation Proclamation.

After a few tough financial years and a not too successful marriage, Fuller started to meet the right people and industrialists. He ran a kind of cafeteria law office. I say this with great respect, for Fuller was sought after in all kinds of legal causes, office, trial, and appellate work. A relationship with Grover Cleveland led to Fuller's being named Chief Justice at a time when he was netting $20,000 a year at the game of law and when he wrote that he thought he might rather try to run for President in 1892.

For twenty-two years Tiny Fuller sat in his elevated chair with a hassock for his feet, at the center of the Supreme Court bench. He swore in five Presidents and during his regime there were more five-to-four decisions than in the twenty-two years after his death on July 4, 1910. (Incidentally, Jefferson, Adams, and Monroe also chose July 4 as the date of their demise.)

This life story, apart from the judicial process of our nation is, to say the least, quite inexplicable. Fuller's mother was the great influence in his life—if there really was any single great influence. His second wife and his two children by his first wife and the seven by his second give no clue to the success of this jurist. And we must not think that the twenty-two years before 1910 were without great judicial problems. Under Fuller the great income-tax cases were argued and re-argued. As a nation we were expanding and the judicial standing of people in Puerto Rico and the Philippines in our "empire" were to be explored and pinpricked out in relation to the power of Congress to govern acquired populations without the restraints of the Constitution. The early legislation affecting hours of labor resulted in violent clashes at the bench and bar. It's not easy to recall that the Supreme Court struck down a state law which dared provide ten hours as the limit of a day's work for a baker. It was in such a case that Holmes dissenting

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John Bell—"no more chance of being elected than James F. Byrnes."

from Fuller and the majority of the bench made clear that the Fourteenth Amendment had not re-enacted Herbert Spencer's Social Statics.

I wish the author, in his final chapter of character appraisal, had been better able to tell even in non-Freudian terms why Fuller got as far as he did. Surely not a great judge, was his lovability of such a unique kind as to take the place of clear writing, adventurous thinking, or profound insight into the trends of our jurisprudence? Maybe in that period the standard of behavior most needed by a Chief Justice was the ability to suppress resentments and a faculty for friendship. The Supreme Court has always bent our folkways, or if not bent, at least retarded new trends—as in the Fuller regime. And still this placater, this negotiator of the common denominators among strong-willed men did not even succeed on his own terms. Clearly he regretted dissenting opinions and tried as much as Chief Justice Hughes to reduce the number of dissenting opinions. But, ironically enough, the dissents under Fuller—as under Hughes—became the springboards for future legal debate leading in most of the dramatic situations to reversals of positions by post-Fuller benches.

Lawyers and historians should read this first gentle attempt to find the inner springs of action which led an unoutstanding man to attain to one of our outstandingly important posts.

Morris L. Ernst, member of the New York law firm Greenbaum, Wolff & Ernst, is author of "The People Know Best," "The First Freedom," "The Best Is Yet," and other books.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

SCRAMBLED POEMS ABOUT WOMEN
(and their scrambled authors)

Elizabeth Seligmann, of New York, offers anagrammed titles of poems about women and their authors. Allowing two and a half points for each name you can decipher, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 24.

1. A Rare Rabbit Chief	Henri La Fengitte Howe, Jr.
2. O Merry Elsa	Tewval A. Rosegarland
3. Lovey Pheen	Robb N. Ringtower
4. Leel Can Bless A Mermaid	Hank St. Joe
5. Angel Turned	Sam'l Reade Greets
6. You All Really Sin	Charny Yeer
7. Leo, Then	Arnaldo Le Page
8. Jameny	Stubber Norr
9. Her Whitest	Dunstable W. Niwlfric
10. Vee	Old Snodgraph
11. Silk Way Beneath Us	Ronold Bry
12. Story Times	Thorwild W. Smawlior
13. To Cut, Alas!	Carol D. Chevalier
14. Threes	L. L. Amsbacher
15. Ooh, Flashy Tattled!	Stony Donall Redfern
16. Ace Toil	Jonno Sneb
17. Paris Rosee	Coffee Hag Currey
18. Canary	Sternsen Wood
19. To Uncle Lijah's Soup	Kerr Ricebroth
20. Thy Solo Voice	Leonard Thimacy

Candidate, 1860

JOHN BELL OF TENNESSEE. By Joseph Howard Parks. Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press. 435 pp. $5.

By Thomas Perkins Abernethy

JOHN BELL of Tennessee is remembered today, so far as he is remembered at all, solely because he was one of four Presidential candidates in the fateful election of 1860. He had no more chance of being elected than James F. Byrnes would have if—which God forbid—he were to be nominated in 1952, but he did carry three states to only one for Stephen A. Douglas. No formal biography has previously appeared to keep his memory green, yet in that election, and for years before it, Bell stood for a cause which should appeal to us today—the preservation of the Union without resort to war.

He did not possess a personality with which a biographer could conjure. Professor Parks makes no attempt to do so but states in the beginning that "neither in college nor later in life was he [Bell] distinguished for his brilliance or his knowledge. A slow reasoner, but a diligent searcher after needed information, he was more a plodder than a scholar. . . . Lacking in mental agility, he often became confused and then angry. . . ."

This preliminary sketch is the only characterization which the author affords us of Bell, whose likeness portrays a handsome but cold and aloof countenance. One does not expect too much of such a man, but he had his hours of triumph. In 1827, at the age of thirty-one, he defeated Felix Grundy, who was supported by the mighty Andrew Jackson, for the seat which Sam Houston was vacating in the House of Representatives. In 1834 he defeated James K. Polk for the Speakership, and a little later he split with Jackson over the succession of Van Buren, Tennessee going with him into the ranks of the Whig Party. He was Secretary of War during the brief tenure of William Henry Harrison as President and in 1847 he was elected to the Senate in time to oppose President Polk's war with Mexico. After some hesitation he supported Clay's compromise measures of 1850 and four years later he was the only Southern Whig in the Senate to vote against the momentous Kansas-Nebraska bill.

In this Bell showed courage and foresight. Up to that time his political course had occasionally been influenced by considerations of expediency but from then on his guiding aim was

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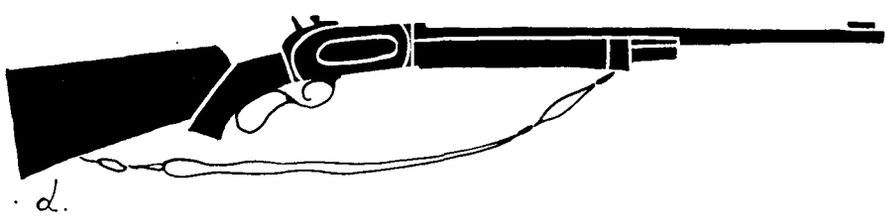
to preserve peace between the sections. Being a man of property who operated mines and iron-works, he consistently opposed measures which tended to produce strife over the slavery question and as clouds grew darker he strove earnestly to preserve a Union which others seemed bent on tearing apart. Having opposed secession until Tennessee joined the Confederacy, he accepted the fate of his state and died a few years after the end of hostilities.

Unfortunately, few of Bell's personal papers have survived, and the author has not been able to throw much light on his private life. Consequently, this is a purely political biography of a man who was dignified and genteel but lacking in personal charm. The book is well organized, vigorous, and clear cut. By making skilful use of numerous brief quotations, Professor Parks presents Bell as his contemporaries saw him. We get various shades of opinion but the figure which emerges is one to command respect, and it is intriguing to speculate how different would have been the course of history if Bell instead of Lincoln had won in that ominous election. It was fitting that John Bell ended his public career as candidate of the Constitutional Union Party of 1860, into which Southern Whigs rushed in a desperate, yearning attempt to prevent the slavery controversy from coming to a showdown. It is fitting also, perhaps, that this man whose name is connected with one great event should have his memory preserved in one definitive biography such as Professor Parks has written.

Thomas Perkins Abernethy, professor of history at the University of Virginia, is author of "From Frontier to Plantation in Tennessee" and other books on Southern history.

Bear & Mountain-Lion Exterminator



THE BEN LILLY LEGEND. By J. Frank Dobie. Boston: Little, Brown. 237 *pp.* $3.50.

By Albert N. Williams

BEN V. LILLY, professional bear and lion hunter of Louisiana, Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona, is hereby officially Frank Dobie's entry in the folk-hero sweepstakes. Every regional writer has his man and, literary considerations aside, it is quite often the loving and subjective biography of that individual which crowns a writing career, becoming for its author a show window of sympathies and a panorama of admirations. Patently, if Frank Dobie had a choice of the lives he would like to have lived, it would be Ben Lilly's.

This book is not, as the title expressly points out, a formal biography. It is rather more a scrapbook of the doings and sayings of Ben Lilly plus a compendium of the lore which has grown up after his name. Only the first and last chapters make any attempt at noting the factual data of his life. The innards of the work break down into subject-matter sections: "Ben Lilly on Panthers," for instance, or "The Lilly Dogs."

Dobie first crossed trail with Lilly in 1928 at a livestock convention when the huntsman spoke to the cattlemen on predatory animals and their control. Fascinated by the man's obviously vast knowledge of the manners and morals of big game, he began a search which lasted fifteen years, tracking down the amazing facts and fiction of his life and slowly building this book, a character study of a man who was destined for only one task on earth—hunting wild animals.

Lilly, who lived from 1856 until 1936, was not a hunter for the sport of it. He did not bother with deer or antelope and only went after fowl when he needed the food. He was born with a hatred for bear and mountain lion and his life was dedicated to their removal. The first half of his life was spent on his ancestral acres in the swamp country of Louisiana, and he did not go into the West until the big game was gone—most of it by his own hand. He announced, when he pulled up his stakes in 1906, that there were not more than fifteen bear left in the Big Thicket of East Texas, where he had passed the previous six years, and not more than forty in Louisiana and Mississippi. The hunter had passed.

Much of any such legend is bound to be spent on the matter of the subject's eccentricities and Ben Lilly had his share. A deeply religious man, he would not work or even hunt on the Sabbath. Treeing a cat on a Saturday night, he would camp on the spot over Sunday, man and dogs dutifully observing the Day of Rest. And when it came to dogs he further displayed the fact that he was a professional, not a sportsman, hunter. He trained the pups by tying them to his belt and tracking a bear himself to show them what they should be looking for. Finally, if a hound failed to develop a sense of duty toward his work and turned out to be the type that would cut for squirrel in the midst of a bear hunt, Lilly would dispassionately kill him as a useless hindrance. Also, after carefully training a dog, he made certain that nobody else might profit from his efforts by modifying any animal before selling it.

The subject of dogs happens to be only one brief section in this collection of the folklore of Ben Lilly. The hunter's approach to bears, to lions, to marriage, to life itself is every bit as revealing and fascinating, and, as usual, Frank Dobie has set it down in his ever-genial, ever-robust narrative.

Shangri-Putnam

UP IN OUR COUNTRY. By George P. Putnam. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 224 *pp.* $3.

By Frank Waters

SEVENTEEN majors, returning home from the Far East war theatre, confided to each other their needs and ambitions. All coveted privacy, simplicity, tranquility. Among them was George Palmer Putnam. He was approaching sixty years of age and for the past thirty he had been on the jump. Successively editor of the *Bend* (Oregon) *Bulletin*, mayor of Bend, secretary to the Governor of Oregon, treasurer of G. P. Putnam's Sons publishing company of New York, vice president of Brewer, Warren & Putnam, chairman of the editorial board of Paramount Productions in Hollywood, director of the American Museum of Natural History's Greenland Expedition and the Putnam Baffin Island Expedition, he had just topped a high career by flying over the Hump with the first B-29 bombers.

For him especially it was time to settle down, and his chosen place was waiting. It was in California. North from Los Angeles to Lone Pine in Owens Valley, which lies between the

(*Continued on page* 38)

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Only Half of Us Read Books

ONE OF the pleasures of reading early evening editions of newspapers is to discover odd and incomplete bits of information about the most unrelated subjects, inserted to fill out a few lines of empty space. On the Woman's Page, for example, at the end of an article on French hats or salad dressing, you may learn that Mars is a long way off, that there are 1,500 miles of canals in Texas, that the people of the United States earned 255 billion dollars last year, or that on Monday the cousin of the King of Egypt drove his car into a truck in Italy. In this haphazard manner we were informed the other day that only half of all Americans read books—aside, presumably, from the textbooks thrust under the noses of youngsters in school. There was no telling from this announcement whether it covered a year or a lifetime, or included those who are so benighted that they cannot read at all.

In spite of all of the experiments that are made on human beings and the questions asked through the mail, no one, as far as we know, has ever gathered in a large number of adults who do not own, borrow, or read books for the purpose of comparing them with the rest of us who do. Whatever opinions they hold must come to them through the radio, the newspapers, or the magazines, though very little wisdom comes in over the air waves. It can be assumed that there are very few people who habitually read newspaper editorials, syndicated columnists, or *The Atlantic Monthly* who are not also acquainted with books. There used to be a popular theory that "the natural man," however untutored and crude to the cultured observer, had more common sense, native wit, humanity, and gentleness than the man who all his life had stuffed his mind with the writings, philosophies, and opinions of other people. The eighteenth-century intellectual venturing into the New World found this pleasant theory untenable when he came across the natural man disguised as a red Indian, who nevertheless knew more about nature and wildlife than all the French philosophers put together. A certain amount of this sort of speculation can be found in the minds of most inquisitive romanticists. On a long train ride the few men or women who are never seen holding books or periodicals appear to be staring straight ahead of them, or through the window, as if they were enthralled with the countryside or were musing upon some deep personal problem or newly discovered philosophy. If you tapped one of them on the shoulder and said, "Of what are you thinking, my friend?" the true answer in all likelihood would be, "Of nothing at all." To think, when there is no immediate occasion for it, calls for an inquisitive mind that has been nurtured and fed from childhood by countless observations and imaginings made by other people who have passed them on to us in books.

In her recent volume of essays and reviews, "Collected Impressions," Elizabeth Bowen writes: "Reduced to the minimum, to what did happen, my life would be unrecognizable by me. Those layers of fictitious memory densify as they go deeper down. . . . This surely must be the case with everyone who reads deeply, ravenously, unthinkingly, sensually, as a child." Miss Bowen believes that the magic of a literary experience ends when the critical attitude toward books is thrust upon one by education, when "in place of the virgin susceptibility to what is written he is given taste, something to be refined and trained." Nevertheless, the memory remains undimmed. As an adult you may not be able to read Dickens, finding him tedious and wordy, but the streets of London revive old friends, as a sight of the Mississippi brings back Huck Finn, or a travel guide of the West Indies, "Treasure Island."

The inveterate reader has perhaps too many of these literary memories; they intrude upon and blur each other. The world is a huge kaleidoscope flashing with images taken from the books we have read and from the characters in them who may have made a deeper impression on us than have our living acquaintances. Even history is a mingling of half fictional fact and historical fiction; it is difficult to know where one begins and the other leaves off. To quote again from Elizabeth Bowen, "Books made me see everything that I saw either as a symbol or as having its place in a mythology—in fact reading gave bias to my observations of everything in between-times when I was not reading. The characters in books gave prototypes under which, for evermore, to assemble all living people. . . . I can trace in all people whom I have loved a succession from book characters—not from one only—from a fusion of many. 'Millions of strange shadows on you tend.'"

WHAT man in his senses could wish that his thoughts were not thronged and cluttered with the multitude of people and scenes and ideas that have come to him from literature? To look out upon a scene, whether it be an island, a bleak farmhouse, or a city street, and have no other frame of reference than one's own brief and transient experience would be like losing one or more of our five senses. If it is true that half of our population has no knowledge of this lifelong pleasure, then the sooner it is remedied the better, though the literate half that remains is still the largest book-reading audience in any country in the world. Only eighty years ago the idea that the masses of any country would own and read books was new and startling. Emerson, in his essay "Art and Criticism," wrote: "Writing is the greatest of arts, the subtlest, and of most miraculous effect. . . . In this art modern society has introduced a new element by introducing a new audience. The decline of the privileged orders, all over the world; the advance of the Third Estate; the transformation of the laborer into reader and writer has compelled the learned and the thinkers to address them. Chiefly in this country, the common school has added two or three audiences: once, we had only the boxes; now, the galleries and the pit."

Emerson's words are still true, and the audience of which he speaks is still enlarging year by year. This audience will also go to the movies and watch through television brief and emasculated dramatizations of novels and plays; both forms of visualization have the effect of stunning and killing imagination. Only the written word has the power to implant images which are conceived and developed in the mind and which consequently can be as enduring as life itself.

—H. S.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Publishers' Responsibility

SIR: The big-business grievances of publishers, as set forth in J. K. Lasser's PUBLISHERS' CORNER, are out of place in your pages. *SRL* ought not to be worrying about the "7,500 break-even point" without which the publisher will go bankrupt; it ought instead to be worrying that publishers should judge a manuscript by so materialistic a standard as the "7,500 break-even point." Is it not the responsibility of *SRL*, interested as it is in the problems of literature, to keep reminding publishers of *their* responsibility rather than fostering profit-mindedness? Should not *SRL* keep reminding publishers that they as well as the writers must make sacrifices so that books of the mind and the heart may continue to find a public?

At the very least, *SRL* ought to put an end to this one-sided exposition of publishers' difficulties. If it prints Mr. Lasser's dictums, it ought to print the other side, the side of those who read and write. It is the responsibilities of the publisher rather than their problems that are of most serious importance in our democracy. If *SRL* does not stress these, who will?

CORINNE AND IRVING SUSSMAN.

Cathedral City, Calif.

Nobel to Hersey

SIR: I heartily agree with writer Rose Kaplan's letter [*SRL* June 10] that John Hersey be awarded the Nobel Prize for "The Wall."

IDA H. ABEL.

Coshocton, O.

Doubting Scriveners

SIR: "In Defense of a Writing Career" [*SRL* June 17] puts forth the opinion that "there is great need in America today for new writers. . . . There is no more essential and nobler task for writers . . . than to regard themselves as spokesmen for human destiny."

Ah me! That's what I've been doing for a quarter of a century. And what does it get me? A note from an editor to his reader (which came into my hands by accident) warning him that I was "a crank in a nice sort of way," for example. Oh yes, I do have half a dozen book manuscripts which I would be glad to get a letter from a publisher about.

I wasn't born in Missouri, but I'm acquiring some of the characteristics.

DONALD FAY ROBINSON.

Cooperstown, N. Y.

SIR: At the present time I am a high-school sophomore, soon to become a junior. Every once in a while I write a story to amuse myself as well as to create something. Style has never bothered me. It is fairly natural; that is, writing comes naturally to me, though I will not vouch for its excellence. What does bother me though is content. It was in such a mood that I read your editorial and its reference to the "higher level of man." What I do write is petty and trivial; sometimes, even often, I feel like writing something on a larger scale. But what? I do not think I am a cynic, but every day I get more and more disgusted with "the average American." He is awfully stupid.

I, on my microscopic scale, cannot see a higher level. I can only see the American vainly reaching for security outside himself instead of inside himself, where he might find it.

MELVIN A. EISENBERG.

Forest Hills, N. Y.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"We like your manuscript, Count Tolstoy, but we just aren't interested in a war book at the moment."

Fischer in the *Record*

SIR: "America Can Win the Peace," by Louis Fischer [*SRL* July 1] is so clear and definite that I am wondering if there would be any possibility of this article being placed in the hands of all members of the United States Senate as well as our State Department. I believe that the easiest approach to this would be to get some Senator to make this article a part of his public address and have it placed in the *Congressional Record*.

FRENCH W. THOMPSON.

Lewisburg, W. Va.

Envoys to the Vatican

SIR: One remark of Dean Willard L. Sperry in his review of "Church and State in the United States" [*SRL* July 1] should not be permitted to stand as casually as it is offered. Having referred to the fact that "American Protestanism takes exception to the presence of Myron Taylor at the Vatican, in whatever capacity," Dr. Sperry adds: "As a matter of past history we had a diplomatic representative at the Vatican from 1848 to 1867"—a statement which, historically and politically, is highly misleading. Dr. Sperry should know, and the readers of the review which he has written should know on his allowance, that the representative which America had at Rome from 1848 to 1867 was an envoy to Pope Pius IX as the sovereign ruler of the Papal States, which at the time occupied geographically at least one-third of the present continental territory of Italy. As such he was an envoy from one political power, the United States, constitutionally approved by the Senate of that country, to another political power within whose jurisdiction lay a national domain of land and government. The status of that envoy was an entirely different status from that of Mr. Taylor as the personal representative of Presidents Roosevelt and Truman to Pope Pius XII, a prelate who possesses no political power of sovereignty comparable to that of Pius IX.

It is entirely a *non sequitur* to infer that, because for two decades the United States had envoys to a political entity like the Papal States it can be at all relevant for America to have an envoy to Vatican City.

HUBERTIS CUMMINGS.

Harrisburg, Pa.

Inside Disney

SIR: Although I received story screen credit for Disney's "Cinderella," after reading Mr. Brown's penetrating criticism [SEEING THINGS, *SRL* June 3] I hate to admit it. But I did do more story work on the picture than those you have credited in your magazine. Perhaps if Mr. Brown knew the inside story of Mr. Disney and his studio it might be the answer to those feelings he finds so disturbing.

HOMER BRIGHTMAN.

Glendale, Calif.

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Israel. *In all history it would be difficult to find anything remotely approaching the tribulations of the Jewish people during the past two decades. The opportunities and dilemmas now facing the Jews who have survived are the theme of many new books streaming from the presses, a few of which are reviewed in the adjoining columns. Shall the Jew decry nationalisms or construct one of his own centered in his ancient homeland? There are discussions of that question in O. B. Frankl's "Theodor Herzl" and Joseph Dunner's "The Republic of Israel." Shall the Jew living in this country regard himself as forever an alien or an American who, like members of other minorities, happens to have a distinctive religious or cultural heritage? Or should he try to cut himself off completely from his heritage? Those questions are considered directly in "Reflections of a Wondering Jew," inferentially in "The Earth Is the Lord's."*

Joseph Dunner—"a Zionist partisan."

A State of Experiment

THE REPUBLIC OF ISRAEL: Its History and Its Promise. By Joseph Dunner. New York: Whittlesey House. 267 *pp.* $4.75.

By Paul L. Hanna

AN OBJECTIVE, balanced, and critical study of the first two years of Israel's existence as an independent state would be a welcome addition to the extensive but generally partisan literature on Palestine and Zionism. Dr. Joseph Dunner would appear ideally suited to write such a work. A Zionist himself and the son of a father whose connection with the movement went back to the time of Herzl, Dr. Dunner is also a student of political science, trained in European universities and American research institutions, familiar with Palestine, and possessed both of practical experience through his wartime connections with the Office of War Information and the American Military Government in Germany and of academic experience as head of the Department of Political Science at Grinnell College. Such a man, if he writes well—and this Dr. Dunner does when he takes the time and trouble—should be able to give a sympathetic yet realistic picture of Israel's struggle for independence and its current problems.

When Dr. Dunner surveys the already well-charted history of the Jewish dispersion, the lot of the Jews in a Christian world, and the story of the Palestine mandate, he does a masterful job of condensation. This material, however, the author tells us, was prepared at least in brief as early as 1943 and has apparently been carefully thought over and reworked. When the volume moves to more recent events, the style deteriorates. In dealing with the complicated maneuverings over Palestine and Jerusalem within the United Nations between 1947 and 1949, Dr. Dunner does little more than present a series of excerpts from speeches and official documents. Much of what he has to say about the events of the Arab-Israel war is thrown in merely as background to the diplomatic struggle before the Security Council and the General Assembly.

The chapters on the Israel constitution and political parties tell little of the realities behind the establishment of the new Government or of functional politics in the Jewish State. Instead there is a textlike résumé and evaluation of Leo Kohn's draft constitution and a listing and description of the major parties. Writing in December 1949, when indications of Government policy, though not so clear as they became in February of this year, were not entirely lacking, Dr. Dunner seemed completely unaware of the possibility that no single constitutional document would be adopted in Israel. The world may see instead the experiment of a newly founded state developing for itself an unwritten constitution of the British type.

In the sections on political and economic conditions one looks in vain for adequate and properly critical treatment of such elements in the Israel scene as the extreme nationalism and the expansionist tendencies of the Freedom Party, the powerful campaign of the Religious Bloc to incorporate Hebrew religious law into the secular law of Israel, the still uncertain role of the World Zionist Organization and the Jewish Agency in Israel affairs, the effort of Prime Minister Ben-Gurion's Mapai to reconcile its Socialist objectives with the need for foreign investments, the precarious state of the Israel economy, or the essentiality of good relations with neighboring countries if the infant state is economically to "become another Switzerland."

Dr. Dunner writes sometimes as a historian, sometimes as a journalist, sometimes as a participant. This uncertain approach and the frequent interjection of personal opinion will annoy many readers. Even those who accept the thesis laid down in the preface that scholarly objectivity does not mean the avoidance of expressions of preference will sometimes feel that Dr. Dunner has selected and presented material, not as an objective though sympathetic scholar, but as a Zionist partisan.

Paul L. Hanna, author of "British Policy in Palestine," is professor of history at the University of Florida.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "Barbara Frietchie," John Greenleaf Whittier. 2. "Rose Aylmer," Walter Savage Landor. 3. "Evelyn Hope," Robert Browning. 4. "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," John Keats. 5. "Ann Rutledge," Edgar Lee Masters. 6. "Sally in Our Alley," Henry Carey. 7. "To Helen," Edgar Allan Poe. 8. "My Jean," Robert Burns. 9. "With Esther," Wilfrid Scawen Blunt. 10. "Eve," Ralph Dodgson. 11. "She Walks in Beauty," Lord Byron. 12. "To My Sister," William Wordsworth. 13. "To Lucasta," Richard Lovelace. 14. "Hester," Charles Lamb. 15. "The Lady of Shalott," Alfred Lord Tennyson. 16. "To Celia," Ben Jonson. 17. "A Prioresse," Geoffrey Chaucer. 18. "Cynara," Ernest Dowson. 19. "Upon Julia's Clothes," Robert Herrick. 20. "To His Coy Love," Michael Drayton.

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Riches of the Ashkenazim

THE EARTH IS THE LORD'S. By Abraham Joshua Heschel. New York: Henry Schuman. 109 *pp.* $2.50.

By ANTONI GRONOWICZ

IN THIS short book Dr. Heschel has succeeded in presenting the rich life of simple Jewish people in Eastern European countries. Their colorful Sabbath, New Year, and other sacred observances and customs, together with all their mystic trappings, are convincingly presented. In the large or small East European towns, the synagogue was the center of Jewish cultural life, where throughout the week, in early morning and after dusk, artisans and shopkeepers foregathered to listen to Torah discourses and scriptural interpretations and by them to interpret the day's events.

These simple people put no trust in the secular world, believing that the world was important only by virtue of the houses of study existing in it. Deep within their hearts they held the world in contempt "with its power and pomp, with its bustling and boasting." Paupers though they might be outwardly, inwardly they felt like princes, for they were living a godly life.

More often than not, except for their Sabbath "luxuries," their material needs were filled by such basic foods as potatoes. These were supplemented by the nourishment stemming from their Torah culture. Their chief enjoyment, however, was to meet their fellow tradesmen in "shtibls," small synagogues, one room of which served for delving into the large Talmud tomes, the other for prayer services. Each trade had its own "shtibl," where every spare moment would be spent in Torah study, and they urged one another to express their learning: "*Sog mir a shtickle Torah*"—"Tell me a little Torah," they would say.

The author contrasts the self-sufficient, shut-in lives of the Ashkenazic Jews, who lived in the area bounded by the Rhine and the Dnieper and by the Baltic and the Black Seas, with the aristocratic and worldly outlook of the Sephardic Jews, descendants of those who had settled in the Iberian Peninsula during the Mohammedan period, who were forced to migrate and who then settled along the Mediterranean coast and in Holland, England, and their dependencies.

> In Eastern Europe the Jewish people did not live like a guest in somebody else's house, who must constantly keep in mind the ways and customs of the host. There Jews lived without reservation and without disguise, outside their homes no less than within them. When, in their commentaries on the Talmud, they used the phrase "the world asks," they did not refer to a problem raised by Aristotle or Averroes. Their fellow students of Torah were to them the "world"; while the culture of Spanish Sephardic Jews was shaped by an elite; it was derived from above and was hardly touched by the archaic simplicity, imaginative naivete, and unaffected naturalness of the humble mass.

In this volume Dr. Heschel preserves for posterity a world which, after the extermination of six million Jews and the annihilation of the centers of activity, might otherwise be forgotten.

One may regret that Dr. Heschel did not include in his book a consideration of the influence his simple folk exerted on the literature, folkways, and speech of those with whom they came in contact and by whom they were influenced in turn. No doubt the East European Jews and their neighbors gained something of permanent value from each other that should not be forgotten.

—From "The Earth Is the Lord's."

Wood engravings by Ilya Schor, the greatly talented Polish artist, which combine a happy blending of Slavic and Jewish themes, lend considerable charm to the rich setting of the book.

The Happy Hyphen

REFLECTIONS OF A WONDERING JEW. By Morris Raphael Cohen. Boston: The Beacon Press. 168 *pp.* $2.50.

By ALFRED WERNER

IN A WORLD of apparently irreconcilable antagonisms it is gratifying to know that there are true liberals who persistently seek the middle road. The late Professor Morris Raphael Cohen, once dubbed "a modern Socrates," was one of these. The present volume, comprising twenty essays and addresses, testifies to his desire to show his coreligionists how they can live as both loyal Jews and patriotic Americans without sacrificing their convictions or their personal dignity.

Professor Cohen, brought to this country by his parents as a boy, remembers with horror the narrow nationalism of Europe, which sought to accomplish unity at all costs. Fortunately, the USA is pluralistic rather than nationalistic in its philosophy and here no man is forced to conceal his origin. The author warns that "it is not only vain but also incompatible with self-respect to try to appear other than what we are." He believes that American Jews should devote more time to the study of their vast Hebrew and Yiddish cultural heritage, and this education—which should reach out, not only to school children, but to adults as well—should help make this country's Jews self-respecting, duly proud of their spiritual possessions.

At the same time Professor Cohen objects to building "voluntary cultural ghettoes." He is opposed to people who speak with horror of the inroads assimilation has made upon the Jews—as if this were not a natural process of living in a world in which racial and religious boundaries are slowly disappearing. It is not surprising, then, that he does not object to intermarriage.

He appears, however, rather inconsistent in his views on xenophobia and, in particular, on anti-Semitism. On the one hand he attacks those of his fellow citizens who "look upon the very existence of a foreign press as a sort of treason," and who "would

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make the speaking or writing of a foreign language a crime."

On the other hand, many readers will consider him too lenient in regard to anti-Semitism. "Assuredly it is folly to continue to train our children for professions or occupations which are largely closed to them," he advised his Jewish audiences. In answer to this his readers might well reply that these un-American discriminations in the professions and trades should be fought against. Or: "We must not become excited because we are excluded from certain clubs or hotels where people wish to foregather with their own kind. There are certain rights of natural preference which we exercise ourselves which we must accord to others." Again, the reader may differ strongly with Professor Cohen. Is it not better to eradicate social prejudice and bias in *all* quarters than yield to time-honored superstitions? Finally: "The fact remains that a great deal of anti-Semitism arises from the fact that we suspect it where it does not exist, and our very suspiciousness makes us intolerant and disagreeable to our neighbors." We may agree that some Jews have fallen prey to neurotic fears and prejudices but, in general, Professor Cohen's observations come dangerously close to stating that the murdered man, not the murderer, is guilty.

The volume contains, in addition to the articles dealing with the position of the Jews in America, scholarly essays on "Philosophies of Jewish History," "Maimonides," and "The Jew in Science." One-third of the book is filled with book reviews, which are well worth reading, even though some of the volumes dealt with are relatively unknown or are of interest only to specialists. Professor Cohen did not spare praise where praise seemed due, but when he disagreed with the author his wrath could generate some unfair exaggerations.

Still, "Reflections of a Wondering Jew" will be appreciated, not only by the late professor's countless admirers, but also by less biased readers. For here speaks to us, not a pedant, but a man of the world endowed with a strong temperament and a stupendous knowledge. If his judgment was not infallible, nevertheless he was second to none in his love of mankind.

Alfred Werner was an editor of "The Universal Jewish Encyclopedia," and is now associate editor of The Chicago Jewish Forum.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 372

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 372 will be found in the next issue.

KHLAPWQNF'L WZ'ZG LK

LAPBB QL ORZW 'APL

PW Q OGKWT HZXPZB.

---- LQDSZX HSAXZG

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 371

Judging from the main portions of the history of the world, so far, justice is always in jeopardy.

—W. WHITMAN.

Of an Ancient & Modern Land

JERUSALEM HAS MANY FACES. By Judah Stampfer. New York: Farrar, Straus & Co. 92 pp. $2.75.

By I. L. SALOMON

JUDAH STAMPFER is a new poet who is going to be heard from. His "Jerusalem Has Many Faces" has just received the first Abram Leon Sachar Prize for the best unpublished manuscript of creative Jewish writing, established by the B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundations. At twenty-six, Judah Stampfer is an ordained rabbi, a graduate student completing his doctorate in English at Harvard, and a wounded veteran returned from the war in Palestine. He is an American poet and an authentic Jew, proud of his ancestry as he contributes to the best writing tradition in America. There is no dichotomy between the two; with Israel a nation he can still live here and enrich the language that is his mother tongue. His poetry holds the wisdom of his profound heredity, but his poems are genuinely American.

There is hardly a page in the work of Judah Stampfer that does not reveal his integrity as a human being in a complex changing world and his affirmation of faith as a poet. His diction is entirely divorced from the cult of unintelligibility still current among his contemporaries, yet he is consistently modern in expression. His greatest gift is his lyricism, chiseled in clean-hewn word and phrase; his weakest, his partiality for a few epithets that are all too common. Sometimes in trying to use the precise word his verbal sense fails him. But these are minor faults in a first book by a young poet, who will not be counted among the lost in his generation.

Judah Stampfer writes of ancient and modern Israel, Jerusalem under fire, and of his return to America. He also devotes sections to meditative pieces, to love poems, and to "compositions" that are not practice exercises. "Out of This Past," the title

—*Erich Hartmann.*

Judah Stampfer—"no dichotomy" between Israel and America.

poem, and such war lyrics as "The Unconquerable," "Street Scene," "Jerusalem Ambush," "Solution," and "In a Blackout" are evidence of craftsmanship. Except for "The Wedding Dance" and "The Agony of Love," his love poems are wanting in that passionate immediacy expected of youth. This is the penalty Judah Stampfer pays for his avowed decision to rid himself of a persuasive romantic sentiment and to be a poet in the classical tradition. He can be fervent ironic, and objectively analytical by turn in "Shanty Raid," "The University Library," and "Dance Hall." He notes that "Spring is a shy visitor in Jerusalem" when he tells of

The gabardine generations, flapping
over the cobblestones,
While dry crones scrabbled through
the sea wind,
Carrying branches in their shriveled
arms.

Favored by Ludwig Lewisohn's appreciative introduction, "Jerusalem Has Many Faces" is a work that gives distinction to the Hillel Library Series.

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An Infant State—Its People, Its Pangs of Growth...

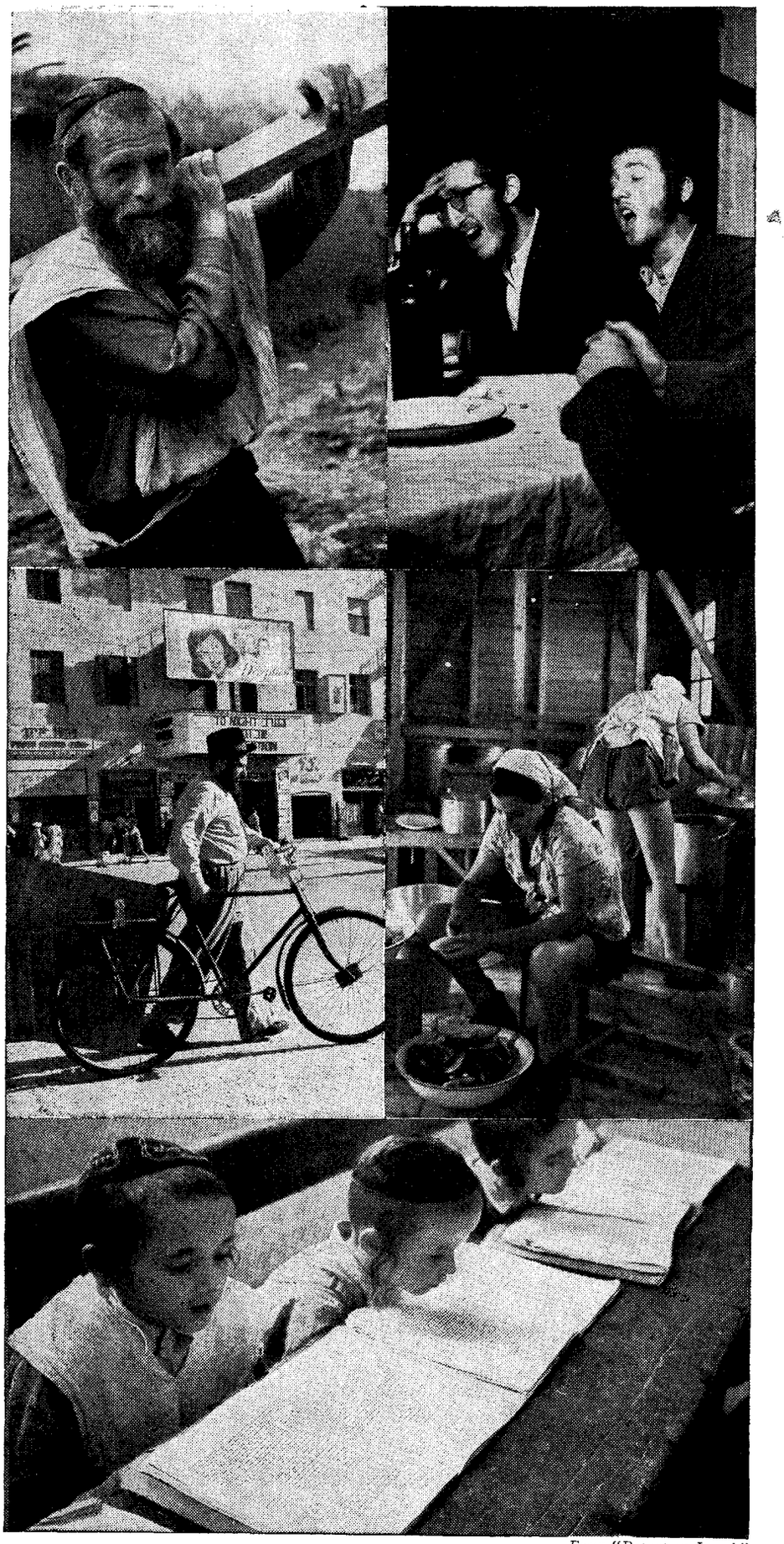
REPORT ON ISRAEL. By Irwin Shaw and Robert Capa. New York: Simon & Schuster. 144 *pp.* $3.50.

By HAL LEHRMAN

ONE BRIGHT Jerusalem morning just over a year ago, this reader found himself temporarily attached to the double-threat team of Shaw and Capa: Irwin Shaw, who looks like a fullback but writes like an angel; Robert Capa, a copyrighted blend of Budapest and GI who sounds like an eternally fatigued playboy but whose precision-made eye and lens unfailingly isolate the stark, the subtle, the significant, and, occasionally, the sublime.

The three of us went out together for a polite chat in No-Man's-Land with Abdullah el Tel, then Governor on the Arab side of the Holy City. Shaw got a paragraph from the conversation for a prose-poem on Jerusalem in *Holiday*, I a page for a leaner journal, while Capa buzzed around with his all-seeing camera. That *Holiday* piece, plus three *New Yorker* articles by Shaw and some ninety other photographs by Capa, have now settled permanently between the Old-Testament covers of "Report on Israel."

Someone else must have concocted the overblown title. Shaw admits only to wanting, with Capa, to set down a "series of glimpses" momentary in time and far from a definitive "report." His four text sections—ostensibly about Jerusalem, Tel Aviv, Galilee, and Israel's first Independence Day—are improvisations on themes, the *Holiday* story rolling with cadence and sonority, the others constructed out of that richness of meandering detail which is the peculiar charm and trademark of better *New Yorker* writing. The Tel Aviv piece, for instance, trips lightly from the immigrant babel to the trousers of ancient Yemenite women, rationing, Hitler and Ernest Bevin, the perils of motoring, the struggle between tractor and climate, gas-chamber memories, the rarity of pretty girls and good manners, some vignettes of Army and Navy heroes, Israel's military vulnerability, terrorism, the Hebrew language, the Vatican, rabbis, pregnancy, and the child of the Israeli future. Yet from this jungle of impressions the novelist-reporter has succeeded in cutting a discernible profile. He gives us a sharper "feel" than anything yet in print for the infant State, its people, its pangs of growth. The photographs harmoniously abet



—*From "Report on Israel."*

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Shaw's modest purpose. As fragmentary as the text, they nevertheless communicate the contours of the faces, the landscapes, and at least some of the problems. Camera and typewriter fill in for each other. One could ask more space for critical analysis, perhaps, but not for more sympathetic perception in these limited pages. There can scarcely be a deeper insight than Capa's portrait of two aged arrivals from Constantinople with one guitar as baggage, or Shaw's somber definition of peace in Israel as "a sackful of naked knives, into which, in darkness, the people must dip their hands again and again."

Father of Israel

THEODOR HERZL: The Jew and Man, by Oscar Benjamin Frankl. Storm Publishers, New York. $2.50. Oscar Benjamin Frankl, who was the teacher of Theodor Herzl's son Hans, has here gathered together some interesting material on the life of this great leader of Zionism. Dr. Frankl has divided this small volume into three parts. In the first, called "The Stage," he sketches the general intellectual situation in Europe at the end of the nineteenth century. Against this background he presents the second part, "The Action," in a dramatic form of dialogues including Theodor Herzl's private life and enormous public activity in the cause of Zionism.

Interesting are Herzl's conversations with British statesmen who wanted to permit the Jews to settle in Uganda and would not listen to talks on Palestine. Even Pope Pius X, in an interview with Herzl, outlined church policy in these words: "As long as the Jews refuse to recognize our Lord, we cannot but refuse to recognize the Jews as a people."

But the father of the State of Israel did not bend under these difficulties. After many unsuccessful conferences with European leaders, he redoubled his efforts, fighting by lectures and writing, and at the same time organized vigorous action to gain world support for Zionism. In many instances Theodor Herzl even had to convince Jews of the validity of his beliefs. We have to regret that the author, in the second part of this book, did not give enough straight facts and first hand observations about the Herzl battle, but instead dramatized them in romantic dialogues.

The third part, called "The Message," is a summary of Theodor Herzl's life achievements and his influence on outstanding world leaders, the result of which was the fulfillment of his and of millions of other Jews' dreams for their own state. —A. G.

The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	*Recording Technique, Surface* ENGINEERING	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
BOUQUET OF MINOR ROMANCE		
RIMSKY - KORSAKOV: "SYMPHONIETTA ON RUSSIAN THEMES." DVORAK: "SLAVONIC RHAPSODY," ♯2. Vienna Symphony, Swoboda. Westminster LP: WL 50-8 SUK: FANTASY FOR VIOLIN AND ORCH., OP. 24. SMETANA: "WALLENSTEIN'S CAMP." Vienna Symphony, Swoboda. Westminster LP: WL 50-11 GOLDMARK: VIOLIN CONCERTO IN A MINOR. Peter Rybar; Vienna Symphony, Swoboda. Westminster LP: WL 50-10	Congratulations to Westminster on consistent high quality of its current tape-made LP's. Perfection—*no; LP isn't that good yet.* But the unforeseeable has happened. This small company is first among several that have raised LP standards of quality and uniformity actually above that of the "parent" large companies! Westminster shows commendable care (in a period of acute sloppiness) both in technical and musical preparation. Natural acoustics, excellent balance, solos vs. orchestra in these show good musical intelligence applied to engineering problems. You won't find much better sound, so consistently, on LP, at least in the difficult full-orchestral area.	Not one of these lacks interest, in these creditable and well-prepared performances. Rimsky's "Symphonietta" *is more skilful* than the somewhat cluttered and complex Dvorak, though perhaps the D. has more guts. Rimsky's slow-mvt. treatment of familiar "Fire Bird" theme is most effective; a telling work all through. Dvorak is nicely Bohemian. Suk, Czech Dvorak follower, shows unexpected strength here. A Strauss-like hardness of harmony, modern-tending. "Wallenstein" is pretty bombastic, though lyric bits are nice. The Goldmark, usually a student recital piece (with piano!), is unpretentious, sincere, often affectingly lyric, never very important.
STRAUSS: "MACBETH" (Symphonic Poem). Vienna Symphony, Swoboda. Westminster LP: WL 50-4 (½) (with Martinu: Concerto Grosso)		Strauss is another story—a big composer, brashly youthful, in a brilliantly written, thoroughly half-baked work full of Wagnerian cribs. I couldn't listen to all of it!
HAYDN SYMPHONIES		
HAYDN: SYMPHONY ♯85 ("LA REINE"). Vienna State Opera Orch., Baltzer. HAYDN: SYMPHONY ♯82 ("THE BEAR"). Vienna Symphony, Sternberg. Haydn Soc. LP: HSLP 1008 HAYDN: SYMPHONY ♯82 ("THE BEAR"). Bavarian Radio Orch., Rosbaud. HAYDN: SYMPHONY ♯104 ("LONDON"). Bavarian Radio Orch., Dressek. Mercury LP: MG 10050	These Haydn Society (and others recently) mark great improvement over earlier symphonies. "Bear" is tops—fine acoustics, nice spaciousness, not too live; wide range, low distortion. "Reine" is more live, more brilliant, otherwise similar. The Mercury Haydns have a pinched, narrow sound in comparison, rather harsh. "London" is more distant sounding, lower level than "Bear," and minus separation bands (it's long). "Bear" has wide pitch variations—half-step between 3rd & 4th mvts. (European current variations?) Not a very commendable LP, either side.	What have we been missing! "The Bear" hits me as top Haydn and a major work, tenser, less mannered than later London works, yet as mature. Though Sternberg's first jobs were wooden [*SRL* Dec. 17, 1949] this one is wholly natural, easy, alive; excellent. Rosbaud is good with 19th-c. music—but his "Bear" is fussy, exaggerated, unrelaxed. "La Reine" is surprisingly Mozart-like in spots, cribs from Haydn's ♯45, too! Softer textured, more romantic playing than "Bear." "London," Haydn's great last, has no LP competition. This is a routine performance, without subtlety, unworthy of the splendid music.
HAYDN: SYMPHONIES ♯94 ("SURPRISE"); ♯100 ("MILITARY"). Liverpool Philharmonic, Sargent and Rignold. Columbia LP: ml 4276 HAYDN: SYMPHONY ♯99. London Symphony, A. Royalton Kisch. London LP: LPS 171 (10")	♯100 is a British-made LP master, ♯94 processed here. Both have unboosted highs, ♯100 has more bass (lower turnover?). Neither is too good acoustically—an unarticulated, distant sound. ♯94 (my copy) is a poor cut, distorted and fuzzy. The ♯99 is much superior.	Sargent's "Surprise" is well done, with large-orch. sound; the unusual Schmidt-Isserstedt version on Capitol (all speeds), more intimate, is still better I'd say. ♯100 is also good here, but not superb; the only LP version. Tempi are fast, un-Beecham-like. ♯99, with superb recording, is nervous, fancy-phrased, alive; not bad.

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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Music to My Ears

A CASE REQUIRING FURTHER STUDY

THE LATEST in a series of incidents involving the entrance of alien visitors to this country suggests that the whole system is in need of overhauling. That was the case of Josef Krips, conductor of the Vienna Philharmonic, who was to have spent just one week as guest conductor in Chicago during July. Instead, he spent two days on Ellis Island, because, said the district director of the Immigration and Naturalization Service, "his case required further study." Since the "further study" would have used up all the time of the engagement for which Krips came here, and more besides, he returned forthwith.

There remains, then, an aura of mystery surrounding Krips which cannot be justified by the legalisms involved. As in the case of others in recent years eventually excluded from entering this country, Krips had been granted a visa by the American Embassy in his home country. "Certain information" about him was in the hands of the Immigration authorities here, however. What that "information" might be now becomes a matter of speculation, putting in the shadow a reputation not previously suspect. If that is the function of the Immigration authorities, it is time the function was changed.

I am informed by Edward J. Shaughnessy, district director for the New York area, that the legislation invoked dates back to 1918, and is designed to exclude from this country persons whose presence, in the judgment of the Attorney General, might be "inimical to public safety." No doubt there are cases every year which can be methodically dealt with by established procedures, without calling public attention to the charges or their disposition. But the impression of rough handling which clouded the Gieseking incident of two years ago is revived and strengthened by the treatment of Krips. It doesn't seem at all consonant with the traditions of American freedom of thought and information for a man whose visit was endorsed by our own Minister in Vienna (John S. Erhardt, who has since been appointed Ambassador to the Union of South Africa) to be turned back in circumstances that can only react to our disadvantage.

The legislation of 1918 took no account of such vastly accelerated means of travel as the transatlantic plane, which makes possible a schedule of arrival, visit, and departure in less time than a routine of charges, hearings, deliberation, etc. All I know about Krips is what I have read in the papers, and that is indeed scanty. The episode has embarrassed us, cost the sponsors of his concerts in Chicago and the London Gramophone Company, which promotes his records, considerable money, and left a bad taste about the whole affair.

In the light of this and other episodes, it would seem that the old procedures should be reviewed. The information that Krips had accepted an engagement to conduct in Chicago was public knowledge many weeks ago. Certainly there was ample time for the visa-issuing agencies to ascertain his status-on-arrival and make a decision upon application. That, of course, is not the way such affairs are handled at the present time. But the way should be changed if it produces repeated incidents of contradictory action by agencies operating under the same statutes.

Some attention could be given to the argument that visa applications are approved all over the world, often at short notice, and without recourse to information available to Washington. If modern methods of communication, facsimile reproduction, and other things unknown in 1918 cannot be utilized for this purpose, a time limit on applications could be instituted to permit investigation of all relevant facts before a man journeys 3000 miles in twenty-four hours only to be informed that it will take a week or so to decide whether he is welcome.

WHEN, as in the case of Krips, the official in charge wants it emphasized that the accused was "departing of his own free will," the impression must linger that he was running away from something incriminating. That, of course, is contrary to any usual procedures that we pride ourselves on, and it must impress Europeans as practices strongly akin to those of the police states we profess to abhor.

Perhaps it is mandatory on the persons involved not to publicize the charges unless the accused can answer them. In that case the machinery of administration should be expedited to give a fair chance to a person who has complied with all reasonable requirements and finds himself balked by an unreasonable one. Perhaps the ends of justice and "public safety" were served by denying our soil to Krips for seven days. I am not convinced of it, and no one else could be on the facts as conveyed.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

—Wide World Photo.

Josef Krips and Mrs. Krips—"a reputation not previously suspect."

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SRL Goes to the Movies

THE SQUAW MAN RIDES AGAIN

BROKEN ARROW, screen play by Michael Blankfort, based on the novel "Blood Brother," by Elliott Arnold: directed by Delmer Daves: produced by Julian Blaustein for Twentieth Century-Fox.

Tom Jeffords	James Stewart
Cochise	Jeff Chandler
Sonseeahray	Debra Paget
General Howard	Basil Ruysdael
Ben Slade	Will Geer
Terry	Joyce MacKenzie
Duffield	Arthur Hunnicutt
Col. Bernall	Raymond Bramley
Goklia	Jay Silverheels
Nalikadeya	Argentina Brunetti
Boucher	Jack Lee
Lonergan	Robert Adler
Miner	Harry Carter
Lowrie	Robert Griffin
Juan	Bill Wilkerson
Chip Slade	Mickey Kuhn
Nochalo	Chris Willow Bird

NOW THAT the eighth art as practised in Los Angeles County has been coming out from behind an 8-ball of its own making ("Movies Are Better Than Ever," the ads claim) it is time we review them with the respectful eye heretofore reserved for the matronly muses. At first glance there is the apparent difference: the motion picture is an art and an industry, inseparably so, and more industry than art as practised thus far. The screen writer is only one cog in the money-making machine sometimes known as the camera. That ingenious gadget, the entrepreneurs gleefully discovered, can be fed celluloid at one end, the handle cranked, and green bills will flow out.

Let it be said, art and entertainment can stroll hand-in-hand, as the Seven Sisters have proved, but it depends on whose hand is leading whom. Shakespeare, who always had his fingers in the box-office till, was one of the few who never let the right hand know what the left was doing. With the motion picture we have had too many left hands in the cash register, but now that there's been this box-office slump the problem is to learn the fine points of ambidexterity.

Just how well Hollywood is learning this elemental lesson can be observed in the current version of "The Squaw Man," which you may recall was Cecil B. ("Samson") DeMille's first production back in 1913. In frontier days a white man who went to live among the Indians and married an Indian woman and adopted Indian ways was known as "a squaw man." This tried-and-tested formula for bigger and better gate receipts was called "The Squaw Man's Son" in 1917; Paramount did another "The Squaw Man" in 1919, and M-G-M used the same title for a sound version in 1931.

Now Twentieth Century-Fox, with a sensitivity for titles, is calling this formula "Broken Arrow," a Technicolor super-western based on the novel "Blood Brother" by Elliott Arnold. "Broken Arrow" is a better though less appropriate title, and the picture is first-rate entertainment with moments of artistic sincerity. Good formula can make a good picture.

The problem confronting the ambidextrous Mr. Zanuck was how to continue to mine the rich vein of Western gold recently rediscovered in "Red River," which grossed more than any Western since that old classic "The Covered Wagon" and which brought out a rash of cowboy-Indian pictures. The problem has been how to keep the camera cogs turning on Indians biting the dust, the ambush of the stagecoach, the dash of the pony-express rider, the attack and encirclement of the U. S. cavalry wagon train, and especially how to bring Geronimo, that old stand-by of John ("Stagecoach") Ford, back alive. Well, sir, they are all here to be seen in "Broken Arrow," plus many arrows-in-the-back and much blanket-lifting over smoke fires, thanks to the fresh twist of casting James Stewart as a squaw man. If this doesn't look like much progress since Cecil B. DeMille put on leather puttees you'll have to take your complaint to the Association on American Indian Affairs, the sentimental guardians of Indian rights who have most curiously lent themselves as academic drum-beaters in the promotion of this thriller.

Jeff Chandler and James Stewart—"Noble Savages who do not scalp."

BRIEFLY, the plot deals with frontiersman Tom Jeffords (Jimmy Stewart) at a time in Arizona around 1870 when the Chiricahua Apaches were on the war path. Jeffords decides single-handed, in the best lone-wolf, star-role tradition of picture-making, to make peace. The West is big and there's room enough for all, he argues, except that, as it turned out, the Indians got less than half and the poorer lands at that. Anyway, Jimmy learns Apache dialect and Apache ways, and rides alone for three days in search of Cochise, Chief of the Chiricahuas. This being a very brave stunt, he is not scalped. (In John Ford's pictures the Apaches do scalp but in "Broken Arrow" we are told only the whites scalp! Oh, research department!) This mighty Cochise is an unusual Indian; he looks into the eyes of Jimmy and sees an honest white man. Although the whites had killed his family after there had been a previous peace, he tells Jimmy the U. S. mails can go through. Curiously enough, we believe this, not because it may be historically true but because Cochise, as played by Jeff Chandler, is a convincing portrayal of the Noble Savage and as such steals the picture away from Jimmy, who always seems on the verge (one exception I'll mention in a minute) of saying to the cameraman, "Aw, gee, fellows, let's go back and play baseball." In "Destry Rides Again" Jimmy wasn't embarrassed by Marlene Dietrich, and he slapped leather in that one very well.

Jimmy is never quite at ease in the love affair with Sonseeahray, played by Debra Paget, an ideal Indian maid-

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en looking very much like a schoolboy's dream of Pocahontas. He meets her at the sunrise ceremony held for a girl when she reaches puberty, her body all pure and ready for the new life, and that might explain something of Jimmy's awkwardness. Anyway, it is played straight and they are married Apache style and ride two white horses across a midnight stream to a wickiup, or tepee, for a honeymoon. Here we have the only imaginative shot in the picture, the camera low inside the wickiup and we see the squaw man and his bride bend and enter toward us, little bell decorations tinkling.

A THREE-MONTH testing truce is tried prior to the big peace, and now renegade Apaches attack the stagecoach and Geronimo's men, but are driven off by Cochise's warriors. Renegade whites, who don't like peace either, ambush Cochise, and here Jimmy takes two revolver shots at close range without a scratch, only a stun, but his wife is killed with one bullet. Jimmy Stewart comes through with a powerful and sincere anger, and he demands a knife to scalp one of the dead white men. Cochise, who keeps reminding one of Hiawatha, is the Noble Savage who talks him out of it. Previously Cochise had killed in cold blood the jilted suitor of Sonseeahray when he had attacked Jimmy in his sleep. Jeff Chandler (Cochise) was last seen as the Israeli underground chief in "Sword in the Desert" and in "Broken Arrow" he has a disturbing Anglo-Saxon sense of humor. Also, you'll find among the natives a variety of accents not heard since "For Whom the Bell Tolls."

But if you like action and are sentimental about Noble Savages who do not scalp you'll enjoy "Broken Arrow." Although it's old Indians in a new bottle with a square-deal label, it's the best vintage in many a moon.

—ROBERT GESSNER.

The Stone Axe

By LeRoy Smith, Jr.

COMPLEXITY will not annul
The old simplicities of Doom:
The first stone axe that clove a skull
Falls with tomorrow's superbomb.

Whether the robin's antique beak
Or some tremendous tank's blind tread
Slaughters the worm, what worm can wreak
Degrees of darkness on the dead?

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BOOKED for TRAVEL

GARDEN OF GRAPES

EDGARTOWN, MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

BLUFFING and rusticating really made a resort out of Martha's Vineyard. The Methodists came to rusticate and the younger folks to bluff—which meant walking with a girl along the bluffs. In between times the Methodists took to religion. They first began holding their big camp meetings in 1835, setting up tents in a grand circle around the prayer grounds. But the cool winds off the sea must have chilled the marrow of many a Methodist, for soon slats appeared to augment the canvas tents. In time tents became bungalows and the village took the name of Cottage City.

In those days the big industry on the island was whaling, but the Civil War put a crimp in commerce. Besides, a good whale was becoming hard to find, and the market in whale oil was hit by the introduction of a new product—mineral oil. It was for those general reasons that Martha's Vineyard slipped gently from whales to visitors. Not that it has ever lost its insularity. There are at least six families on the island who have been there for more than 300 years. The Vineyard telephone directory still lists eight Peases, thirty-three Nortons, eleven Vincents, and seventeen Mayhews. It was Thomas Mayhew who bought Nantucket, Martha's Vineyard, and a few lesser islands for $200 in 1641, which is about the cost of a two weeks' stay on the Vineyard nowadays. Mayhew had a daughter or a wife named Martha, some sources say. About the grapes, the early settlers reported "incredible stores" of them growing wild so that "we could not proceed for treading on them." Some wild-grape jelly is made on the island, but no attempt has ever been made at exploitation, the world of the billboard and the copywriter being absolutely incompatible with pleasant living in the minds of the Vineyard people.

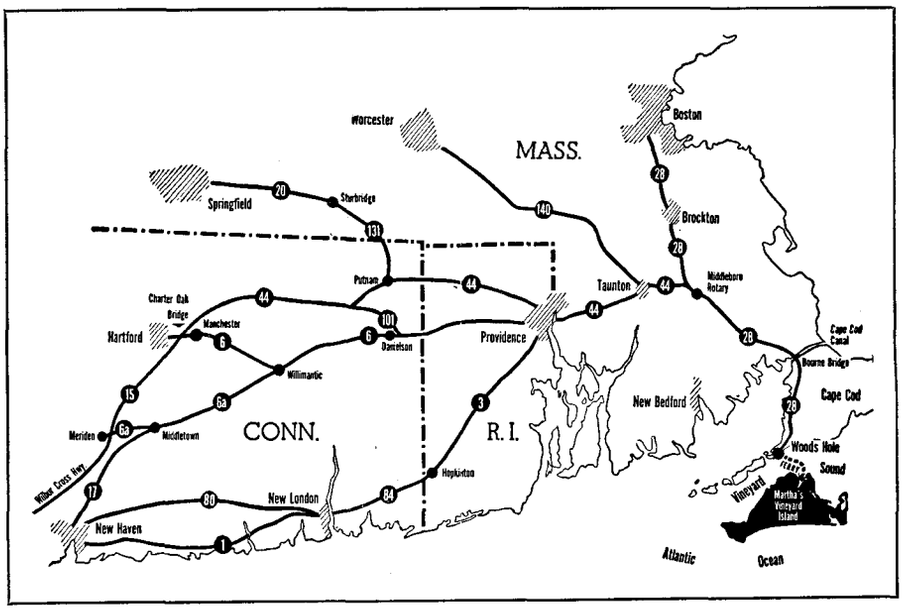
Martha's Vineyard is more than twenty miles long and Manhattan island — if dropped on top — would hardly reach from the fishing village of Menemsha to the old whaling settlement of Edgartown. The old blubber berth is no less touristy these days than the Champs-Elysées in July, in a salt-and-sea-air sort of way, of course. There is, in the first place, the handsome Harborside Hotel, which, as you may gather, sits by the side of Edgartown harbor. In effect, it is a collection of old homes that once belonged to whaling captains—the Captain Tristam Ripley House built in 1860, the Chappaquiddick House of Captain John Fisher, and the Captain Thomas Milton House built in 1840 and shaded now by a Chinese pagoda tree the skipper brought home from the Orient in a flower pot. Added to the main house is a brand-new dining room framed with picture windows, with a sundeck built on top. The view gives out on Harborside's harbor and its thirty sailboats, all for hire, and on its magnificent gardens, which are all the talk of the island ladies. Its lettuce-sized roses have made such a hit that the hotel now keeps an expert gardener on the permanent payroll. Said he on viewing a deep red rose early this summer, "Why, damn you, you were supposed to be pink."

FOR a swim Harborside's guests may jump off the deep end of the dock, take the five-minute ferry to Chappaquiddick Island, or a twenty-minute car ride to magnificent South Beach, a great stretch of sand sixteen miles long. To be sure, there is bottom fishing and surf fishing, not to mention gravestone-reading in the old cemetery nearby. Of all the rhymes chipped into the headstones of the ancient mariners and their kin, islanders like best to chuckle over one tablet in particular, which bears the legend:

Here lies the body of our beloved Charlotte
Born a virgin, died a harlot.
For sixteen years she kept her virginity
Which is a very good record for this vicinity.

For a sturdy roof over your head, three meals a day, and the easy island life, Harborside extracts from $11 to $16 a person until Labor Day, $9 to $14 a day until September 16, the end of the season. Its rates compare with Harbor View Hotel, which overlooks the lighthouse at Starbuck's Neck. Once a famous hostelry, the Harbor View has been almost completely overhauled. I say *almost* in deference to the veteran patron who refused to have her old room modernized in any way. There is something very explicit about the names of the hotels on Martha's Vineyard. Harbor View Hotel definitely *has* a broad view of the harbor, not to mention the lighthouse, which stands at the entrance to Edgartown. It also boasts its own beach on a private sandbar in front of the hotel. Not only is the Harbor View the largest hotel on the island (100 rooms), an auspicious note of singularity in itself, but also it lists among its stockholders Miss Emily Post, an island resident. Her home is nearby and contains, like book ends of the ages, a widow's walk crowned with a television aerial.

Cottage City, which, as I say, really started bringing the tourists to Martha's Vineyard, is still thriving. Long ago it changed its name to Oak Bluffs, but the camp-meeting grounds are still there, four of them now—Trinity Park, Washington Park, Forest Circle, and Montgomery Square. Each has a perimeter of wood cottages all trimmed gingerbread fashion. In



For the Vineyard Voyager.

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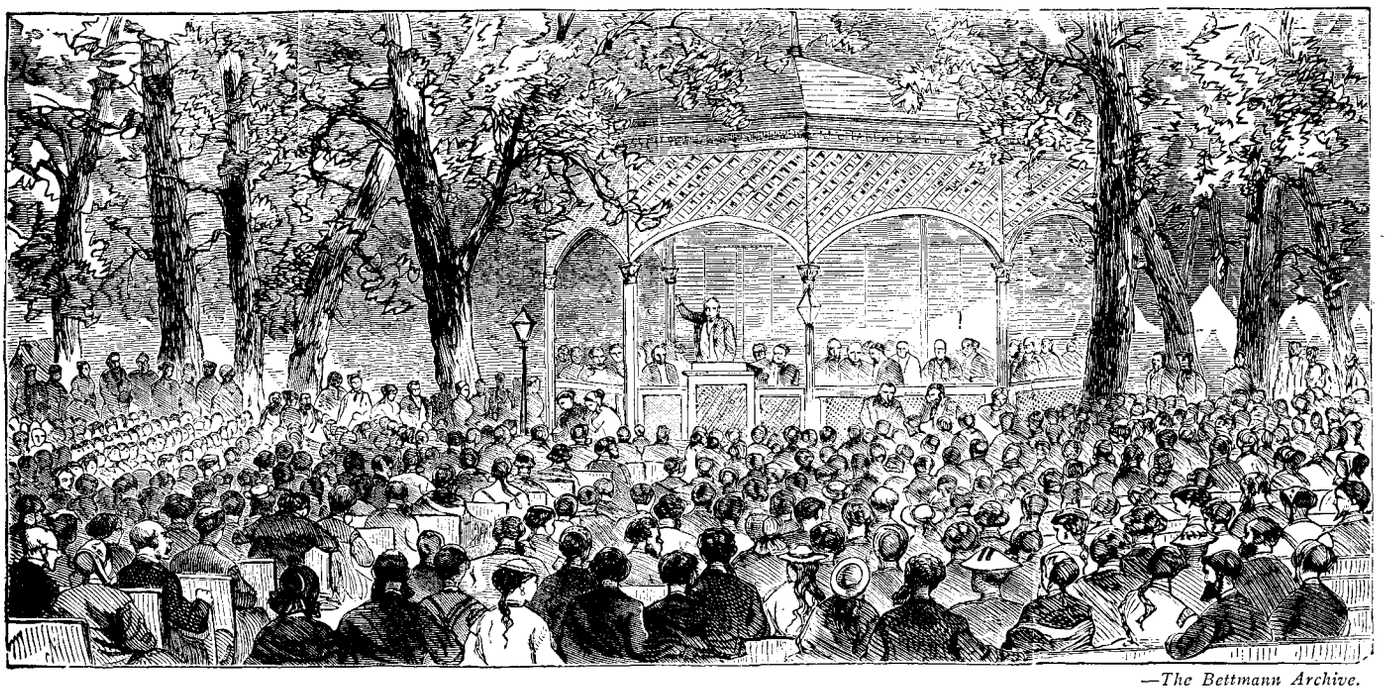

—*The Bettmann Archive.*

Methodist Camp Meeting—bluffing, rusticating, and some startling gravestones. . . .

the center is the tabernacle for the prayer meetings. Next to the last Wednesday every August is Illumination Night, when the cottages are festooned with strings of Chinese lanterns, many of them handed down as family heirlooms.

Oak Bluffs has a wide assortment of lower-priced accommodations, and you can get a double room in town for $25 a week. Although a shore dinner at the Oak Bluffs Lobster House would cost about $4.50, there are a number of places in town serving average dinners for $1.25.

For anyone who wants no golf, no tennis, no juke boxes, no hurly, no burly, I would suggest the Stony Squaw Inn at Gay Head, which is eighteen miles from everything else. Run by Viola MacDiarmid, who is indeed an authentic squaw, though not at all stony, the inn has no more than seven double rooms. When the mood strikes her, Mrs. MacDiarmid spins her potter's wheel on the porch, fashioning the Gay Head clay into an assortment of jars and bowls. It is hardly a five-minute walk to the clay cliffs which rear up, multicolored, from the edge of the sea. Gay Head clay is found in black, red, gray, and yellow, with occasionally a petrified shark's tooth or a whale bone mixed in—proof enough, they say, that the cliffs were thrown up by some undersea volcanic eruption.

Train travelers coming up from the East will find that the New Haven Railroad runs right up to dockside at Woods Hole, whence a ferry will whip them across the water. Northeast Airlines flies from New York and Boston, landing at Edgartown Airport. Should you be coming up in your own car you'll find the roads good, the routes well marked, and an unpleasant surprise awaiting you in Woods Hole. The round-trip fare for two persons and one car on the island ferry comes to $18.20. Until a few weeks ago they used to charge an extra dollar each way for a reservation. There are those who say that the summer rate is purposely inflated to keep the island from being overrun. And there are others who insist that the high summer rate is the only measure that could financially insure ferry service all year around. At any rate, there isn't anything Martha's Vineyard needs more than a good five-dollar ferry ride.

—Horace Sutton.

TRAVELERS' TALES

A LITTLE TOUR IN FRANCE, by Henry James. Farrar, Straus. $4. In 1882 Henry James, who claimed he had first seen the country when he was two, browsed through France, visiting the Touraine, Languedoc, and Provence. He wrote a series of impressions, or travel letters, as they are called, of which this is a collection. Oddly, few of the sights have changed much since James's journey. On an autumn trip in 1882 James says he was perhaps the only tourist he encountered in the Touraine. Now, of course, buses leave Paris every day jammed with Americans bound for the traditional tour of the chateaux of the Loire. Blois, Azay-le-Rideau, Amboise, Chenonceau — all visited by James—are still being visited in 1950.

From the Touraine he heads south, visiting the fortress at Carcassonne, the Roman ruins in Provence, and returning north by way of Beaune in the heart of Burgundy. All this took him six weeks, but, says Michael Swan in his introduction, "When a great novelist is modest enough to write a description of a country at some length for our pleasure and information, we may count ourselves lucky to have it at all."

PARIS, GUIDE BLEU, ENGLISH SERIES. Edited by Gilbert Martineau, revised by Georges Monmarche. Nagel Publishers, New York. $4.50. Essentially the basic-type handbook divided, for some reason into three parts: the central city, greater Paris, and the museums. It departs from formula to note with reference to the theatre, for example, that since the Liberation such playwrights as T. S. Eliot, Eugene O'Neill, Robert Sherwood, and John Steinbeck have found their way to the Paris boards. Moreover, the book tells you the difference between the *fauteuils d'orchestre* and the *loges de face.* To be sure, it includes typical guidebook descriptions such as, "From the Place de la Concorde we follow the Rue de Rivoli . . ." But, nevertheless, history has been brought up to date and the hotel in which the German garrison commander surrendered in 1944 is duly noted. There are floor plans of the museums, and one of those folding maps that opens up to a twenty-four sheet poster. —H. S.

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THE FINE ARTS

EDVARD MUNCH

FOR a long time the Norwegian artist Edvard Munch (1863-1944) has been recognized in America as one of the very finest print makers of his generation. His paintings, on the contrary, have not been seen here in number since the Armory Show of 1913. One seldom saw them in Paris for that matter, though he had worked there at intervals. It was mainly the Germans and eventually his own countrymen who spoke of him as a great painter and who acknowledged him to be a crucial force in the evolution of expressionism—that confessional approach to painting of which Gustave Moreau, not himself an expressionist, gave unwittingly a good definition: "Art is a furious tracking down of the inner feelings solely by means of plastic expression."

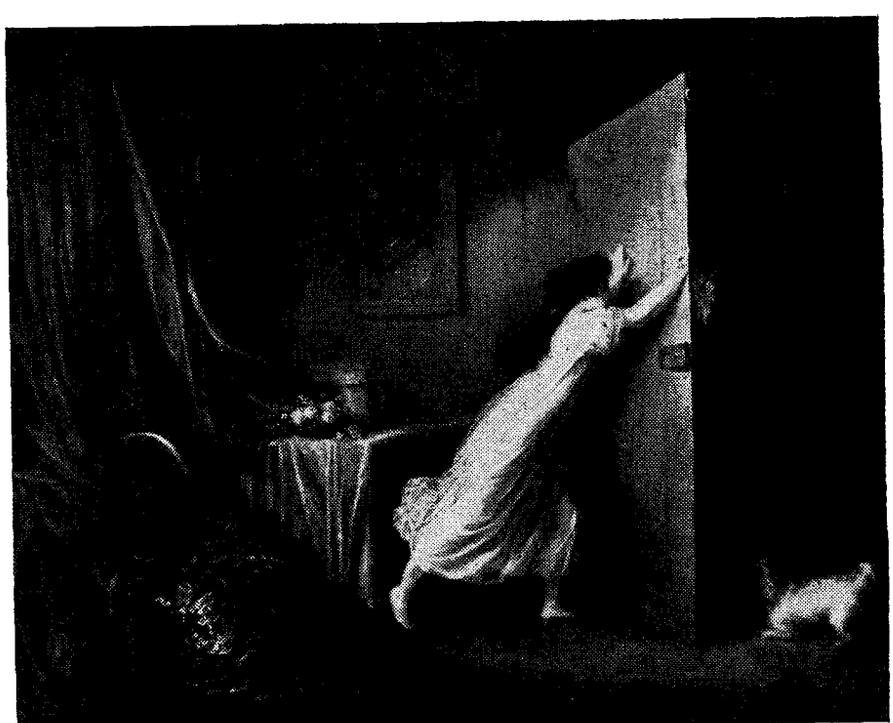
Today Munch's paintings and prints are on display at the Museum of Modern Art in New York, in a large one-man exhibition organized by the Institute of Contemporary Art in Boston, with active help and generous subsidy from the Norwegian Government. (Simultaneously, our own John Marin is being shown at the all-important Biennial Exposition at Venice only because a few of our citizens provided the funds and installed the pictures in a privately owned building.) The Munch exhibition will be seen in ten American cities, and from it he emerges as not only the remarkable graphic artist we had expected, but also as, at times, an extremely impressive painter in oils.

The Norwegian's beginnings were tentative, though the "Hospital Ward" of 1881 has a sparkling allocation of light which recalls Vuillard's magic little interiors of the following decade. Munch in youth was essentially a tender painter, and his calm was not disrupted by the brief influence of the French impressionists and of the neo-impressionists, especially Seurat. But a profound tumult must have been gathering within him, for during the early 1890's he produced that bold and piercing series of paintings which includes "Kiss by the Window" (1891), "The Cry" (1893), and "Vampire" (1893-94). The series reached its climax in 1894 with "Puberty," "Ashes," and "The Day After," the last-named being strangely prophetic of Balthus and other leaders of the realist revival in present-day Parisian art. Perhaps never again were Munch's paintings to reach so consistent a level of intensity.

At that time Munch fed on such exterior sources as the paintings and prints of Gauguin and the curvilinear rhythms of the *art nouveau* style. But his vigor consumes his esthetic enthusiasms: he uses Gauguin's artistic innovations in the service of a fierce, if low-keyed, emotionalism; he converts *art nouveau's* decorative arabesques into ripples of a drowning despair. He is passionately involved in what he intends to express. He seems, in fact, to have had on occasion an almost pathological need to share even his physical torment with his canvases. During his bitter struggle with alcoholism, for example, he sometimes left his paintings outdoors in bad weather, apparently determined that they, too, would face a hostile nature. His dissipation did not unbridle a graceful sensuality, as in the case of the Italian Modigliani. It confirmed his Nordic gloom, and in his entire exhibition there is not, I think, a single work in which joy or wit may be felt.

From 1892 until 1908 Munch spent most of his time in Germany, and there earned his great historical importance as a founder of the expressionist movement. His fame spread rapidly. His prints in particular won him a special regard, as was perhaps natural in Dürer's country, where as recently as 1878 Max Klinger's fantastic etchings had provoked a national controversy as to whether their author was gifted or mad. Munch helped reintroduce into German art that rather distraught psychological acuity which had distinguished Grünewald, Altdorfer, Ratgeb, and others from their Southern colleagues in the late Renaissance. In his wake came the hoarse and daring expressionist clan of our own century—Schmidt-Rottluff, Heckel, Kirchner, Pechtstein, Nolde, Mueller, and, later, Max Beckmann. Munch's influence on the newer generation of German artists was probably greater than that of any recent painter except Van Gogh.

AS Frederick B. Deknatel makes clear in his valuable text to the Munch catalogue, the artist was much preoccupied during his middle years with the tensions between the sexes, between men and women considered as ordinary mortals rather than as allegorical types. Munch's handling of the theme reveals how drastically its basic concepts had been transformed over the preceding hundred years. If, for instance, we compare his "Ashes" with Schall's "Strong Resistance" (see illustrations), painted a century before, a total change in approach is apparent. Schall's image follows the ro-



—*Courtesy of Wildenstein & Co.*

"Strong Resistance," by Jean-Frederic Schall.

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"Ashes," by Edvard Munch.

coco tradition of physical struggle. It is a logical continuation of those paintings wherein Fragonard isolated single couples from Watteau's choreographic assemblies and brought them indoors to dispute their supremacy in pillow fights—whose outcome, one assumes, was always sweet reconciliation. In Munch's "Ashes," however, there is no hand-to-hand combat whatever. The man and woman are locked in their separate psyches; the conflict between them, if ever resolved, will be decided on cerebral grounds. Throughout Munch's art of the German period there is a comparable sense of mental anguish, of a psychological warfare carried on in silence against oppressive, abstract forces. And if an earmark of expressionism is a sharpened emphasis on emotional as opposed to decorative content, it is nowhere more evident than in Munch's treatment of the relationship between men and women.

During the first decade of our century Munch's art tended to become more objective—a curious, if not inexplicable fact, when we consider that this was the period of his most extreme personal discomfort, a period punctuated by drunken brawls and scandals, culminating in a complete nervous collapse. Quite likely it had become unbearable for the artist to look consistently inward for inspiration. At any rate, soon after the turn of the century he painted those rather contrived landscapes that foretell the lesser works of our own Marsden Hartley. But Munch was not exhausted as a painter. In 1906 he completed "Marat's Death," in which a nude woman stands, dispassionate, beside the sprawled man she has mysteriously done to death. The picture is said to be an autobiographical memorial to an unhappy love affair; as such it is a singularly ruthless and memorable document.

Did Munch in his illness reflect more and more on the life and career of Vincent van Gogh? His "Two Workmen" of 1908 resembles a pastiche on that master and it proves that he did not share the Dutchman's uncanny ability to dramatize the essentially undramatic. Indeed, it seems to me that the outstanding late Munchs are mostly those in which a split-second of action is seized and intensified. The formal pieces, such as the canvas from the huge "Bathers" triptych, look forced even in their sketchiness, and I cannot see that Munch was often successful with studio compositions, of which Matisse in youth made a revolutionary art. For me the later Munch is at his best when he is startled, when the deep admissions of his early career are replaced by snapshot responses, brilliantly summarized. He was not of Van Gogh's stature, of course, and he could not turn a chair or a cypress into an emblem of tragic absorption. But he was sometimes superb when he was jarred abruptly by the passing scene, as in the picture of 1912 which shows a horse slamming through a narrow path, taut from the whip, and before it the children jumping to safety. Similarly, in "Workmen Coming Home" (1915) and "The Fight" (1935) there is an acute illusion of stroboscopic truth. When, on the other hand, Munch slows his objective pace, he often draws near and is inferior to the Central European expressionists, to whom originally he had shown the way. Yet the "Self Portrait Between the Clock and the Bed" (1940) and a few other works are notable exceptions to this statement.

I began by implying that the surprise of the Munch exhibition is the quality of the oils. This is true, I think, but there is no question that Munch's fame rests most securely on his prints. A generous and well-chosen selection of them is included in the show, and they are as exceptional for their technical innovations and range as for their unmistakable personality as images. —JAMES THRALL SOBY.

After the Inca

COLONIAL ARCHITECTURE AND SCULPTURE IN PERU. By Harold E. Wethey. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 317 *pp.* $12.50.

By HERBERT WEISSBERGER

THE INTELLIGENT planning of this book can be held up as a model for similar publications. The opening chapter provides the necessary background of Peru's political and ecclesiastic history, offers an excellent synopsis of the salient features of her colonial art, and informs the reader on such stylistic periods elsewhere, mostly those of Spain, as had a marked bearing on it. To forestall confusion on the interpretation of art historical terms, the author presents his definition of those which he employs in the subsequent pages. Thus the reader finds himself well prepared to assimilate with ease the contents of the following chapters, where a wealth of material is dealt with in detail, including not only stylistic problems but also questions of historical and archeological nature. Order and efficiency prevail, too, in the well-documented *catalogue raisonné* covering over fifty monuments of the city of Lima as well as in the arrangement of the bibliography, references, and index. In the 366 beautiful illustrations, a total view is frequently followed by a detail view, and by details of the detail.

If James Huneker proclaimed Seville to be more Spanish than Spain, Spanish America on first impression might be thought of to be more baroque than Spain herself. Yet the baroque and later the rococo, represent

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only one aspect of Peru's architectural panorama which Professor Wethey unfolds. Gothic Renaissance, and transitional styles, intermingling often with elements of Hispano-Mohammedan art, flourished there, too, from the Andes down to the coastal regions of the Pacific. Professor Wethey makes the point that colonial art, though inescapably derivative from European prototypes, should not be regarded as merely a provincial art. The virility, for instance, in the treatment of the chapter house of Santo Domingo of Lima, the powerful sweep of lines in its upper cloister, or the final effect of purity obtained from the harnessed masses of the Trujillo Cathedral attest to individual thinking in terms of architecture or decoration. Independence from traditional concepts is manifest, too, in the cathedrals of Cuzco and Lima, where, dictated by physical necessity, such obviously contradictory elements as piers of classic style supporting gothic fan vaults seem to make perfect sense. Originality within a process of adaptation cannot be denied either to the engagingly barbarous ornamentation of the Jesuit establishment of Arequipa, a building in the *mestizo* style. The discussion of this style ought to prove especially revealing, for—to paraphrase the author—Creole or *mestizo* arts were those of Indian heritage, and with their flavorsome and distinguishing qualities are the most original contribution of Hispano-colonial art. In his presentation of the art of Peru, Professor Wethey has done a first-rate job, to which a highly readable style, conscientious investigation, erudition, and love for the subject contribute equally.

Herbert Weissberger is a lecturer on art at Washington Square College, New York University.

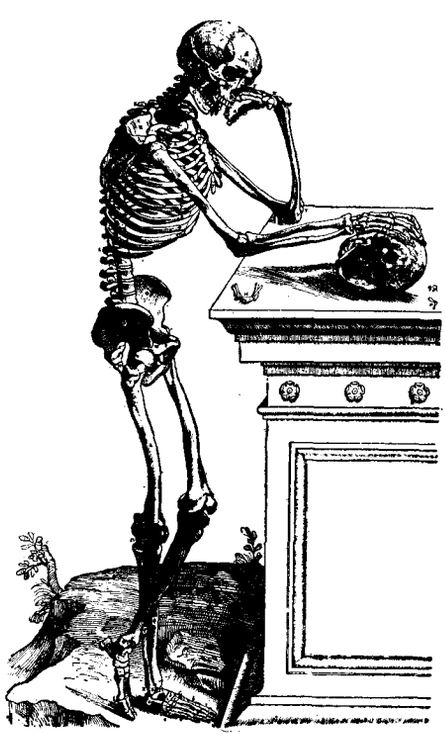
—From "The Illustrations from the Works of Andreas Vesalius."

Anatomy Out of Titian

THE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE WORKS OF ANDREAS VESALIUS. By J. B. deC. M. Saunders and Charles D. O'Malley. Cleveland: The World Publishing Co. $10.

By Donald B. Thorburn

IT TOOK a robber of graves, gibbets, and charnel houses to become the father of modern medicine. Andreas Vesalius tells of an early venture in medical education in the sixteenth century: "While out walking, looking for bones in the place where on the country highways, eventually to the great convenience of students, all those who have been executed are customarily placed, I happened upon a dried cadaver. . . ." Vesalius "snatched" (his own term) the body at night, but his "find," becoming dismembered while being taken from its ignominious perch, was convoyed home a few grisly sections at a time.



Dissection, perfunctory in classical medicine, had fallen into disuse in the Middle Ages. At the time of Vesalius anatomy was taught by the reading of long passages from the writings of Galen—medical canon since 200 A.D.—a teaching plan that presented much too much unsupported theory and much too little opportunity to confirm it to satisfy the cravings of the inquisitive Vesalius. Appointed in his early twenties professor of surgery and anatomy at Padua, leading medical college of the sixteenth century, his unprecedented dissections and definitive lectures soon made Andreas Vesalius known throughout Europe. To satisfy the need for an authoritative textbook he prepared his first great work, "The Fabric [workings] of the Human Body," illustrated with often startling anatomical drawings from the workshop of the famous Titian. "The Fabric" and other works, with the original woodcuts, are included in the present volume.

Drawings of bones and muscles, arteries and nerves, skeletons and muscled figures in jaunty or lugubrious attitudes, and charts of the internal organs, fill the pages. Each illustration has its commentary, translated from the Latin of Vesalius, followed by an explanatory note by the authors. The work evolves a continuing pattern that links medieval and modern medicine and illuminates the pathway by which Vesalius led his followers from ignorance and superstition to the rock of scientific method upon which present-day medical therapy is founded. A monument to the memory of a great medical pioneer, the book belongs in every medical, art, public, and private library.

Art Notes

JOHN WESLEY JARVIS: American Painter, by Harold E. Dickson. New-York Historical Society. $10. This admirable study neatly closes a gap in the history of American art. John Wesley Jarvis was the first American professional portrait painter—the first to make portraiture pay handsomely, at any rate—and it is worth noting that he was a contemporary of the first professional American author, Charles Brockden Brown. Born in England, Jarvis was brought to America in infancy, learned painting under informal but competent tutelage (much, indeed, as he might have read law), and by 1802, when he was twenty-two, was turning out miniatures, many of them on glass, in well-rewarded quantity production. Dr. Dickson believes Jarvis's claim to "a seasonal income at one time of some $6,000 probably was not exaggerated."

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He estimates Jarvis's total output at perhaps a thousand units, exclusive of profiles and miniatures. Some 412 items survive identifiably, and these Dr. Dickson describes and locates in the most nearly complete checklist of his work yet assembled. One hundred excellent half-tone reproductions bring the checklist to graphic life.

Jarvis painted not only abundantly but well, and America's debt to him is prodigious. He showed her what her post-Revolutionary great (and not so great) looked like in a vibrant panorama of portraiture. One dividend of Jarvis's fecundity is the fact that his work may be viewed today in numerous widely scattered public art collections. New York repositories are particularly rich in these, notably the New-York Historical Society and New York City Hall, for which latter he did a familiar series of portraits of heroes of the War of 1812. This series, Dr. Dickson points out, "remained through many years the only publicly owned collection of paintings in the United States." Dr. Dickson's study is itself an able and discriminating achievement in biographical portraiture, and a distinguished contribution to American social no less than to American cultural history.

—JOHN T. WINTERICH.

SURVIVAL, by James Rorimer in collaboration with Gilbert Ravin. Abelard Press, New York. $4. Among the unsung heroes of the past war were the Monuments, Fine Arts, and Archives officers, who were attached to the staffs of the various field armies. It was the duty of these officers to advise their commanding generals about "monuments" of artistic and historic importance in their areas so that they could be protected and preserved.

Mr. Rorimer, in civilian life director of Cloisters and curator of the Department of Medieval Art at the Metropolitan Museum, here reports on his service as an MFA&A officer in Normandy, Paris and its environs, and with the Seventh Army in Germany. Although his area was a narrow one in terms of the European Theatre of Operations, it was the most important, for it encompassed not only the most outstanding museums and collections of France, but also the cache of looted French art in Germany and most of the salt mines in which the Germans had hidden their own art treasures.

Thanks to the efficient bookkeeping and storage methods of the enemy, it proved far easier to recover looted French property than to track down the location and rightful owners of the art works in the personal possession of Goering. Hermann claimed to have paid cash for his pictures. Mr. Rorimer's other headaches included damage wrought by bomb, shell, and caterpillar tractor, and the looting and wanton destruction done by individuals in our own forces.

There are many photographs and appended lists of looted art and their rightful owners.

LITTLE TALES OF GREAT ARTISTS, by Gaston Bernheim De Villers. Translated and edited by Denys Sutton. Weyhe Art Books, New York. $6. Gaston Bernheim De Villers, son of the founder of the famous Bernheim-Jeane Gallery in Paris, is now an old man with many memories of a lifetime spent among the great artists of his time. The little anecdotes that comprise this volume are not connected by a narrative but appear at random as they occurred to the author. They are all very short—indeed, some of them are so short they seem pointless. Many have been told before and better. The translation is so inept that one often finds himself reading and rereading the paragraphs trying to figure out the meaning behind the words.

There are more than thirty full-page reproductions of paintings from the author's collection, most of them of the impressionist school. Portraits by Renoir and Vuillard of the author and members of his family add a touch of folksy authenticity to the text.

RODIN, by Somerville Story. Phaidon-Oxford. $5. The caprices of time and the banality of some of Rodin's followers have dimmed interest in the sculptor, but his historical importance remains beyond dispute; he was unique in his day. As Somerville Story, the author of the text to the present volume puts it, "his allegiance lay between the Greeks and the Gothic." Demonstrating this theme are 115 large photographs of the usual high Phaidon quality, which comprise the core of the book. All are taken from the Rodin Museum in Paris. Mr. Story has supplied extensive notes, with at least a paragraph for each plate. —L. R. SANDER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 853)

COREY FORD:
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Everything is farther than it used to be. It's twice the distance from my house to the station now, and they've added a fair-sized hill that I never noticed before. . . . I've given up running for trains because they start faster these days.

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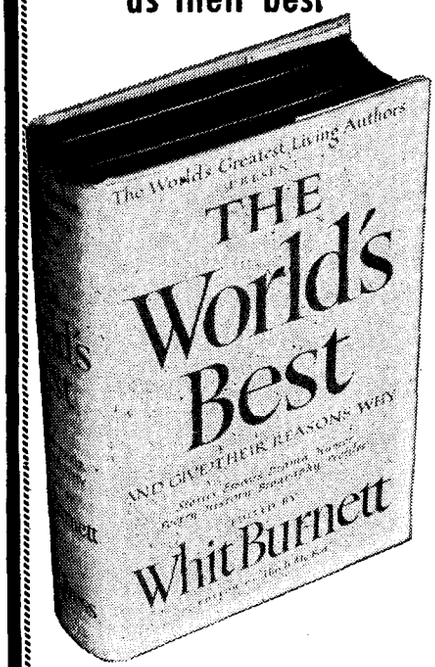

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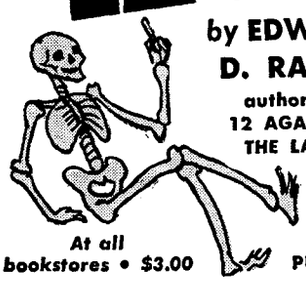
by EDWARD D. RADIN

author of 12 AGAINST THE LAW



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AMERICANA

(Continued from page 21)

Sierra Nevada and Inyo Mountains above Death Valley, the lowest spot in America. Then thirteen miles up into a steep-walled valley called Whitney Portal, almost at the base of Mt. Whitney, America's highest mountain.

This is the setting of "Up in Our Country," and Putnam's book is a series of light sketches of its animals, birds, flowers, mountains, his solitary "picture-book" lodge, and few neighbors. All are presented in a manner pertinent, whimsical, and amusing. But, strangely, they all seem to have been viewed through glass.

There is the lodge itself: Shangri-Putnam. The western half of the Fireplace Room looks out through the Mt. Whitney Window. On the other side is the Fireplace Room Window. Against the plate glass, on the outside, is placed a Bird Lunch Counter. From an armchair one can watch Madame Grouse, Hopalong Cassidy, the grouse with one leg; the bluejay, Oliver Twist; the skunk, Forget-Me-Not, and Mary Marten, the marten. The Chic Sale farther away is named View House for its undisturbed view —once one has raised across the path a semaphore arm lettered "Occupée."

Petunia is the Ford pickup. It has "a gay petunia on the panel of each door, with the vehicle's name emblazoned beneath it and her home port." Through its windshield glass, as it were, one views neighbors like John Lubken, the old cattleman, and Louis Joseph, the old German merchant.

Or one goes walking and examines through a magnifying glass the *crustose*, *foliose*, and *fruiticose* lichens, and the *Pentstemon Parryi*.

No matter how pertinent, whimsical, and amusing, everything curiously seems viewed through a thin, rationally transparent film that yet blocks the sense of poetically triumphant or dramatically tragic immediacy. Only in the stories of loner Jim and his wheelbarrow and Indian Deefy, who died without ever attaining a wristwatch, do we break through to the quick of life.

Perhaps it is because everything is so pleasant. The land is but leased from the U. S. Forest Service. Nothing is grown but flowers. There is no conflict, no interdependence, and no vital relationship with the land and the people. Yet it seems inherent everywhere: between the soaring height of Mt. Whitney and the sinking depth of Death Valley, the thick falls of mountain snow and the steadily dropping underground water tables, the diversion of Owens Valley water to Los Angeles and its effect upon the few remaining settlers, Mr. Putnam's own notable career and his present retirement.

It is this deeper relationship we hope that Mr. Putnam will gradually establish as he sinks deeper roots into that "abiding place of the affections" which now claims him.

Americana Notes

THE FORTY-EIGHTERS: Political Refugees of the German Revolution of 1848. Edited by A. E. Zucker. Columbia University Press. $4.50. This is the first book ever written about the Forty-Eighters as a group. Its appearance now marks a sort of delayed centennial celebration, and it is a worthy and valuable memorial. Eleven scholars discuss the European background (the revolutions began in France and one result they did accomplish was the reform and unification of the Swiss confederacy), the American scene (the turbulent situation in the country to which the refugees fled), adjustment to the United

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
STOLEN GOODS *Clarence Budington Kelland* (Harper: $2.75)	Murder in dept. store starts chipper copywriter Sherry Madigan on sleuthing career with exciting and romantic ending.	Sharp vignettes of dept.-store folk done with typical Kelland finesse. Heroine cute, action steady, suspense above average, ending O.K.	Slick and enjoyable
UPSTAIRS AND DOWNSTAIRS *Carol Carnac* (Crime Club: $2.25)	Broken neck, accidental or otherwise, kills unpleasant English hospital clerk with possibly thieving proclivities. Julian Rivers, C.I.D., investigates.	Ins and outs of British hospital system pleasantly investigated, with romantic trimmings, sufficient plot, and unsuspected ending.	Dogged British baffler

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States (accenting Milwaukee, Chicago, St. Louis, and Midwestern rural communities), the Turner (the growth of the Turnvereine, which the Forty-Eighters did not originate), the Forty-Eighters in politics (Carl Schurz was only one among many), the radicals (especially Karl Heintzen, foe of Communists and Marxists), the Forty-Eighters in the Civil War (there were others beside Sigel), and Carl Schurz has a chapter all to himself. There is a biographical dictionary of Forty-Eighters, which gives detailed summaries of hundreds of careers—a comprehensive and useful addendum. This book is at once a sound study and a valuable historical reference tool.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN EMPIRE, edited by Elvon L. Howe. Doubleday. $3. These narratives, which first appeared in the *Rocky Mountain Empire Magazine* of the *Denver Post,* the work of staff members, seek to present "revealing glimpses of the West in transition from old to new," according to the book's subtitle. Some of them are contemporary, some ancient, as antiquity is reckoned in the big-hill country. All of them are lively reflections of lives once lived, or still being lived, in a region where, as Editor Palmer Hoyt of the *Post* admits, "all geography is spectacular." So, apparently, are most of the people, at least the ones who get into these stories. The book exemplifies the rich store of local chronicle waiting to be dug up anywhere in America by alert newspapers—waiting not merely to be dug up, but to be read. These twenty-nine factual narratives prove that regionalism is for everybody

RAINY RIVER COUNTRY: A Brief History of the Region Bordering Minnesota and Ontario, by Grace Lee Nute. Minnesota Historical Society, St. Paul. $2. The Rainy River runs west from International Falls into Lake of the Woods to form a hundred miles of boundary between the United States and Canada. Beyond its mouth lies the Northwest Angle, the northernmost area of the United States, well above the forty-ninth parallel. The mere fact that it sticks up there the way it does is proof that the region has an interesting history. Rainy River was named for Rainy Lake, and Rainy Lake is a simple translation of Lac La Pluie, as it was christened by some moist and homesick Frenchman. Today the area owes its livelihood to fish, newsprint, and tourists (the paper on which these words are printed may well have floated down Rainy River). From 1893 to 1901 it experienced the misfortune of a gold rush, but recovered. Today its population includes Chippewa who still live in wigwams and Scots whose winter sport is curling. This neat little history, though not written for the summer trade, will not do them a bit of harm. There is a good collection of photographs.

OHIO NEWSPAPERS: A Living Record, by Robert C. Wheeler. Ohio History Press, Columbus. $6.50. Two-thirds of the front page of the first number of Ohio's first newspaper (*The Centinel of the North-Western Territory,* issued at Cincinnati on November 9, 1793) was given over to an extract from Laurence Sterne's "A Sentimental Journey Through France and Italy," and the rest to a statement by the editor, William Maxwell, of his plans and hopes. Mr. Wheeler reproduces the whole issue life-size in this whopping book, which measures eleven by seventeen inches in order to permit him to present legible facsimiles of today's eight-column productions in full page. (The *Centinel* gave him no trouble at all; it measured only nine and one-half by twelve.) He gets a running start by going back to America's first newspaper (*Publick Occurrences,* Boston, 1690) and follows the western movement of the press to New York, Philadelphia, Williamsburg, Pittsburgh, Lexington, and so across the river to Ohio. Examples thereafter selected accent geographical distribution within the state and are chosen largely for the important events (the importance of which was often not recognized at the time) which they chronicled—events in most instances of more than parochial importance. Mr. Wheeler, as head of the newspaper library of the Ohio State Archaeological and Historical Society, "was prompted to compile this work after observing many young visitors and their enthusiasm for the sight of 'really old' newspapers." The result is an admirable visual aid, particularly

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for the high-school student, but its actual scope is much larger and its appeal more comprehensive. The model is worth wide adoption.

THE FIRST ANESTHETIC: The Story of Crawford Long, by Frank Kells Boland, M.D., University of Georgia Press. $3. This latest contribution to the "ether controversy" accents the part played therein by Charles T. Jackson as a possible link between Long and Dr. W. T. G. Morton. Jackson, a native of Plymouth, Massachusetts, was brother-in-law of Ralph Waldo Emerson. He was something of a claimer; he tried to walk off with Dr. William Beaumont's prize specimen, Alexis St. John, the youth whose open stomach became the basis of modern study of the digestive processes; meeting S. F. B. Morse on a trip from Europe and hearing about the transmission of electricity through wire, he later wrote Morse referring to "our" telegraph; he put in a word for a share in the discovery of gun-cotton. He also spent seven years in a mental institution. Dr. Boland attacks the assertion that Crawford Long "died in poverty and obscurity." On the contrary, Long died very much in harness; his last words were, "Care for the mother and child first"; a past chancellor of the University of Georgia delivered the funeral oration, and six medical associates published a resolution of respect in his honor. The Long-Morton controversy appears to be largely a question of one's interpretation of the word "discovery." Morton demonstrated the use of ether before a professional audience with a view to introducing it to the world; Long, three years earlier, had quietly and painlessly extracted a small cystic tumor from the neck of one James Venable. The operation, anesthetic included, cost $2. —J. T. W.

—From "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater."

NEW EDITIONS

A LITTLE less than a hundred years ago—May 22, 1851—a distinguished journalist and novelist walked onto a London lecture platform and began a series of six lectures. The speaker was William Thackeray. His audience contained men and women no less distinguished than himself —Carlyle, Dickens, Charlotte Brontë, Macaulay—; while his subjects were fixed stars of English literature and art—Swift, Congreve, Addison, Steele, Prior, Gay, Pope, Smollett, Fielding, Sterne, Goldsmith, Hogarth. And the lectures themselves were destined to find their own permanent if modest place in the great library of living books, for they have been many times reprinted, and they are still well worth reprinting, as is proved by the attractive Grey Walls Press edition of "The English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century" ($2.50), distributed in this country by the British Book Centre.

These papers—fresh, witty, eloquent, hard-hitting, opinionated—make as lively reading, or hearing, as they did when first written. They may still be read for pleasure and intellectual stimulation, as well as information; but they must be read with understanding of the fact that they are the products not only of Thackeray's gust for literature, and his excellent taste, but also of Victorian morality. The critic was a child of his age, and it must be remembered, too, that his lectures were concerned more with men than works. He was horrified by Swift, while fully recognizing his genius. He was shocked by Congreve, while appreciating his wit. He enjoyed Smollett hugely, but found it necessary to deplore his coarseness. He came close to idolizing Addison, was tender to Dick Steele, liked Mat Prior and John Gay, shook hands happily with Harry Fielding, admired Pope, loved Goldsmith, and felt a hearty, masculine, British contempt for at least nine-tenths of Laurence Sterne. He indulged in a kind of rhetoric that is now unfashionable, he permitted himself a freer gush of sentiment than is now approved, he moralized in a way that is now taboo; but he spoke from a deep love of writing and mankind, in language that proved him worthy of his subjects.

Another book, and a charming one, brought to us by the increasingly active British Book Centre is the Cupid Press limited edition (660 copies) of "Georgian Love Songs" ($7.50), edited by John Hadfield, with decorations by Rex Whistler. Mr. Hadfield's aim has been to collect a number of "the best and most representative love lyrics printed between 1714 and 1780," and I believe he has succeeded. There are few anthological hacks among his hundred selected songs, although it is obviously impossible to limit such a collection to unfamiliar poems, if it is to contain the best or second-best. There is much pretty rhyming, many clever conceits, and a few amorous trifles that are perfect of their kind. These verses are far removed from the uplands of poetry; they are the delightful flowers of a formal garden. But the soil of that garden, in which artificiality and fashion reigned, was still fertilized by the fundamental nature of man.

Still another importation from England is the first volume of G. M. Trevelyan's "Illustrated English Social History" (Longmans, Green, $3.75), devoted to "Chaucer's England and the Early Tudors." This volume, the first of four, is a fine example of scholarship putting itself, without loss or condescension, at the service of the general reading public. Trevelyan's text, designed to supplement and explain the political and economic history of the period, largely confirms A. F. Pollard's statement that "of all the schisms which rend the woven garment of historical understanding, the worst is that which fixes a deep gulf between medieval and modern history." The many illustrations, well chosen by Ruth C. Wright, will repay long study.

De Quincey's masterpiece, "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater" is with us again—in a beautiful Heritage Press edition ($5), with twelve haunting gravures by Zhenya Gay and an introduction by William Bolitho; and in a more compact Cresset Library edition (Chanticleer Press, $2), prepared by Edward Sackville-West, which also contains extensive selections from De Quincey's "Autobiography." Both volumes use the original, 1822, text of the "Confessions." And I am happy to see another comely Heritage Press book. This is Dumas' "The Three Musketeers" ($5), reprinted from the photo of the Limited Editions Club "Musketeers," for which I wrote the introduction in 1932, but freshly and spiritedly illustrated by Edy Legrand.

—Ben Ray Redman.

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FICTION

(Continued from page 18)

think, Maria *will* come clear in the end) and the translation from the Spanish by Harriet de Onis would appear to be altogether impeccable. At its best this sort of thing would fall into the *tour de force* classification. One can only note that Ernesto Sábato is a writer of considerable ability, hung, unfortunately, at the moment in some limbo between Albert Camus and Graham Greene.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

FOOTSTEPS ON THE STAIR, by Myron Brinig. Rinehart. $3. Mr. Brinig has a great facility for describing family life. He is particularly skilful in delineating the interrelations of children to parents, brothers, and sisters. In his latest novel he offers us a well-told tale of intermarriage between a young Jewish man and a volatile girl of Irish-Catholic background. Anna was one of the gorgeous Joyce sisters known to everyone in the Western mining town. Joseph's family were equally well known, for they owned the leading store in the town.

The usual rumpus was raised on both sides—by the mothers rather than the fathers. Mr. Brinig's mothers are apt to be fanatics and his fathers reasonably tolerant men. Old John Joyce was far too much interested in himself to care about whom his daughters married, but his wife became almost unbalanced when the son was born to the young couple and instead of the customary christening there was the *bris* (circumcision ceremony), during which old John Joyce raised his glass and said "*Le-Chayyim*" (the Jewish toast) right back at Moses Benjamin. Yes, the two grandfathers could get along fine, but not the grandmothers! Back and forth the author switches, from one member of the large families to another. It's rather like Old Home Week, but there are worse ways of spending a few hours than perusing one of Myron Brinig's easy-to-read stories. He has surpassed himself in this one.

—JOHN COURNOS.

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YEN FOR ANTIQUE STERLING, Sheffield? Swap for winter wearables. Mrs. Alexander Putland, 17 Stanley Gardens, London, w.11, England.

COLLECTOR WILL SELL own library, 2000 volumes, singly or en bloc. History, philosophy, fiction, poetry, travel, biography, etc., many fine bindings, firsts. Good basic stock for dealer. Will mail mimeographed catalogue, fifteen cents. Box 417-D.

IF YOU READ THE EGYPTIAN—the ADVENTURER is great news. September 22.

INEXPERIENCED LADY wants steady job in the West. Box 282-D.

VERSATILE FEMININE middle-brow (for example, likes baseball, poetry, the theatre, the outdoors) would enjoy corresponding with gentleman similarly minded. Box 283-D.

MATURE NURSE desires position as traveling companion. Exchange services for expenses. No salary. Box 284-D.

MEXICO—SMOKIES—NEW ORLEANS: Beautiful fall travel in 1950 Limousine. Private party limit seven adults. 23 days. Expert direction. Extremely reasonable all-inclusive basis. Write Dr. Thomas, Box 4956, Baltimore 12, Maryland.

PERSONALS

SOMETHING DIFFERENT amid beautiful Finger Lakes region. Social, cultural activities. All sports. Details furnished. Box 329-D.

$75,000 PACIFIC OCEAN HOME one hour from Los Angeles. Quiet, ideal for writing, completely furnished. Available immediately. Lease until June 1953 for $350 monthly. Box 281-D.

TUTOR, COMPANION. Gentleman 50, travelled, languages, afternoons, evenings. Box 285-D.

FOR RENT, two, year round houses on author's farm. Moderate price to congenial people. Fifty miles NYC. Frazier Forman Peters, Warwick, New York.

YOUNG, lonely American woman newswriter, on foreign assignment, interested in music—philosophy, desires correspondence from refined, mature gentleman. Box 407-D.

UNDERSTANDING male bored with convention, invites stimulating correspondence. Box 408-D.

YOO-HOO: This's a lassie rarin' to converse via pony express. What do you say? Box 409-D.

ISLAND CAMP, beautifully situated on Lake Winnipesaukee, glass living room, fireplace, kerosene refrigerator, plastic boat, Labor Day on, $60. Box 410-D.

WRITER'S COUNTRY HOME, 8-room colonial, completely modernized, no repairs, 1½ acres, magnificent view Green Mountains, near Vermont border, 18 miles Bennington College. Box 64-D.

GIRL seeks company, female, on shoestring European bicycle trip. Box 288-D.

PROFESSIONAL gentleman desires correspondence with mature young woman artist, musician, or writer. Box 289-D.

VACATIONS

SOUTHWIND, Woodbourne, N. Y. Excellent accommodations, private lake, 4 tennis courts, music, library. Adults only.

SUMMER AT BLUEBERRY HILL: 1,000 acre farm Green Mountains, brooks, Lucullan food. Brandon, Vt.

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SUDBURY INN on Lake Hortonia, Sudbury, Vt. provides best in country vacations.

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GREEN SHADOWS, Lyme, Conn., quiet informal country life, good food, comfortable beds.

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KANDAHAR LODGE, Manchester, Vt. High in the Green Mountains. Private swimming, sports. Restful, informal. Library. Delicious meals. $35 weekly. Folder.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 854

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. The subject of a famous poem by Sidney Lanier (location in title omitted).	1 71 106 44 10 97 29
B. Famous American artist and author (1779-1843).	79 109 136 25 7 172 61
C. The form which Urdu takes when used in poetry.	125 26 95 86 19 138
D. A line or band used to lash a furled sail securely (naut.).	34 35 9 107 159 126
E. Not performed; not successful.	56 122 83 53 11 112
F. Pertaining to a court of 51 at Athens originated by Draco to try murder cases (Gr. hist.).	163 142 127 87 17 8 80
G. Fine; gay; like a sport (slang).	81 110 132 146 14
H. Is a fixed element or attribute.	57 174 3 147 63 131 45
I. Takes a particular direction or course.	130 148 175 33 68 88
J. Alimony allowed to a woman who has obtained a divorce a mensa et thoro (law).	21 84 161 153 13 124 133 98
K. To chaff; banter (slang U.S.).	76 89 54 20
L. Those thoroughly proficient in anything.	165 170 157 62 41 94

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. English poet and playwright (1882-1937; play "Abraham Lincoln," etc.).	140 6 144 155 59 99 12 114 137 93
N. To undertake responsibility.	5 150 50 69 119 164
O. Treated as of little account (3 wds.).	90 128 37 103 42 96 151 18 85 73 46
P. American politician; Vice President of the Confederacy, 1861-65.	22 51 4 72 100 92 160 40
Q. A falling away.	156 173 134 167 123 143 116 24 66
R. A combining form from the Greek used in zoology, meaning nail or claw, in classificational names.	27 65 2 58 162 154 169
S. Interminably (4 wds.).	15 23 67 118 168 145 105 74 176 47 121 129
T. Cunners (local U.S.).	36 16 91 135 102 52 171 141
U. Penetrated by light, esp. of the sun.	30 115 48 78 149 108
V. A suborder of over 50 passerine birds with most highly specialized vocal apparatus.	82 75 117 101 139 39 113
W. Not substantiated.	111 120 158 60 38 166 28 32 70 104
X. Hits (another's ball; British; croquet).	31 64 55 77 43 49 152

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

■	■	■	■	■	■	■	1 A	2 R	■	3 H	4 P	5 N	6 M	7 B	■	8 F	9 D	■
10 A	11 E	12 M	13 J	14 G	■	15 S	16 T	17 F	18 O	■	19 C	20 K	21 J	■	22 P	23 S
24 Q	25 B	26 C	■	27 R	28 W	■	29 A	30 U	31 X	32 W	33 I	34 D	■	35 D	36 T	37 O
■	38 W	39 V	40 P	41 L	42 O	43 X	44 A	45 H	■	46 O	47 S	48 U	49 X	50 N	51 P	52 T
53 E	54 K	■	55 X	56 E	57 H	58 R	59 M	60 W	61 B	■	62 L	63 H	64 X	65 R	66 Q	67 S
68 I	■	69 N	70 W	71 A	72 P	73 O	74 S	75 V	■	76 K	77 X	78 U	■	79 B	80 F	81 G
82 V	83 E	84 J	■	85 O	86 C	87 F	■	88 I	89 K	90 O	91 T	92 P	93 M	■	94 L	95 C
96 O	97 A	98 J	■	99 M	100 P	101 V	102 T	103 O	■	104 W	105 S	106 A	107 D	■	108 U	109 B
110 G	111 W	112 E	113 V	■	114 M	115 U	116 Q	117 V	118 S	119 N	120 W	■	121 S	122 E	123 Q	124 J
125 C	■	126 D	127 F	128 O	129 S	■	130 I	131 H	132 G	133 J	134 Q	135 T	136 B	137 M	■	138 C
139 V	140 M	■	141 T	142 F	143 Q	144 M	145 S	146 G	147 H	148 I	149 U	150 N	151 O	■	152 X	153 J
154 R	155 M	156 Q	■	157 L	158 W	159 D	160 P	■	161 J	162 R	163 F	■	164 N	165 L	166 W	167 Q
■	168 S	169 R	■	170 L	171 T	172 B	173 Q	174 H	175 I	176 S	■	■	■	■	■	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 37 of this issue.

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